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THE COUNTRY'S NINE DAYS WONDER

Humpty Dumpty Has a Great Fall Common Sense Beats the Bogey Man

One more great bogey has tumbled down, frightened by the common sense of the British people.

Sitting in an almost empty office, by a fireless hearth, after crawling through the Strand at half a mile an hour, hardly able to buy a paper, hardly able to get a letter, it is not easy to rejoice; and yet our hearts are lifted up as these words are written in the hope that somehow they will somewhere find a wheel going round and set out on their journey through the world. It is the hour of the end of the General Strike, and it is an hour of triumph for the most precious asset of our English-speaking race, the common sense that saves us from a host of troubles.

A Time Without Parallel

It has been a time without parallel in living memory—a time indeed without any parallel in British history, unless we think of the civil war in Cromwell's days. We hope that none of our readers will feel that the millions of our working people who have been idle for nine days are disloyal to their country, or want to see it brought to the miserable pass that Russia has come to. If there is one thing that has been made clear in these wonderful nine days it has been the solid loyalty of that great mass of people who are the backbone of our nation.

There cannot be a Class War in England; the marvellous way in which all classes rallied to the Government is everlasting proof of that.

A Nation Pulling Through

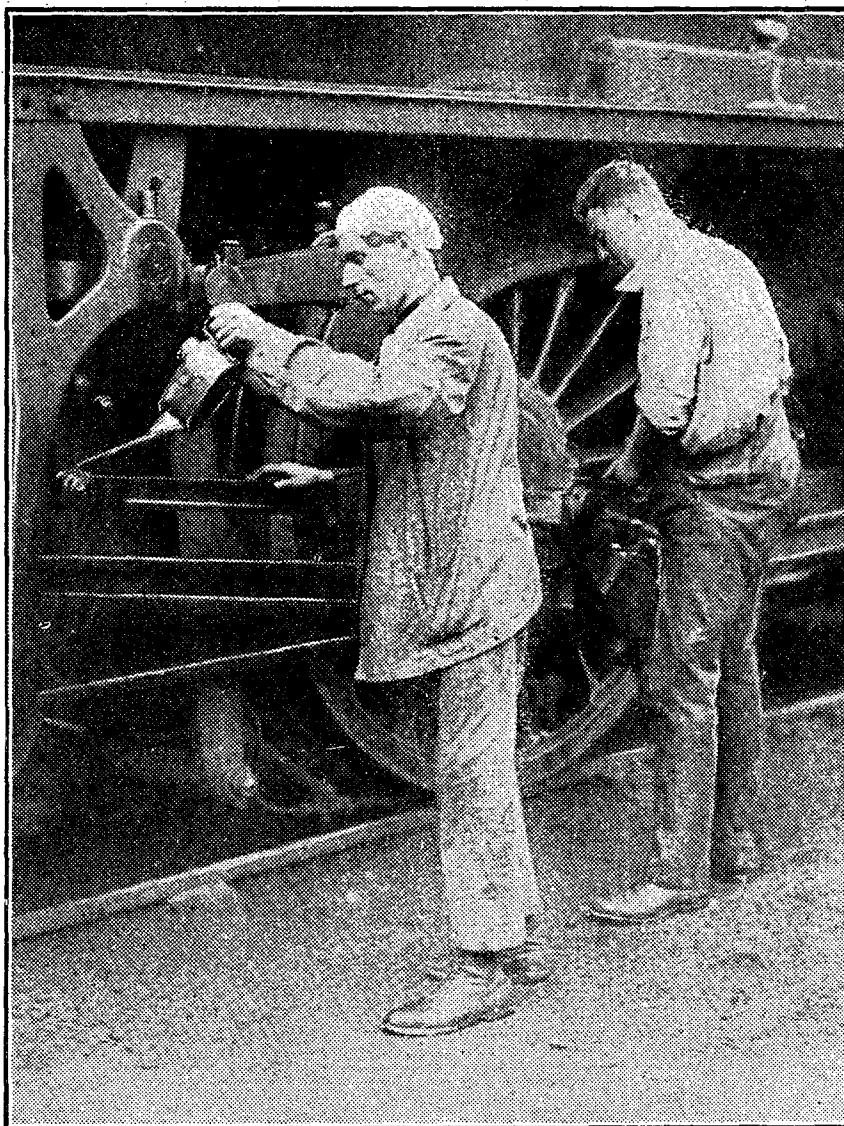
Day by day it became clearer that this great blow at the life of the nation was an act of political folly on the part of a few misguided men, an act of folly that could serve no good purpose, but brought infinite evil in its train; and day by day, as this truth dawned on the minds of men, they refused in increasing numbers to be responsible for a strike they did not want. They came back to work in thousands; they worked side by side with volunteers from all ranks of the nation; and at the end of a week it was seen that the British people would pull through this desperate crisis, and that a few more days would see things working almost smoothly, life almost normal.

Continued in column 1

Keeping the Wheels Running



Students working the signals by hand



A student engine-driver oiling the Flying Scotsman before starting

Splendid were the Volunteers from the universities and public schools, who largely manned our transport system. By the end of the strike about 6000 trains were being run every day. These pictures show some of the students at their work

Dauntless Spirit of the British People Triumph of Law and Order

Continued from first column

The unfailing loyalty of our people, the dauntless spirit that refused to break under trouble, the anger of just men who found that they had been misled, the good humour of the great multitude of men and women, the sternness of the Government in putting down the little gangs of hooligans who made the only trouble—all these things smashed the General Strike.

In the midst of it all the miners and their claims to justice were forgotten; it was one of the tragedies of this act of folly that this magnificent body of men, entitled to all the humanity and respect that we could give them, were made use of to help on a conspiracy with which they had no natural sympathy. All good people hope that, in spite of what has happened, the Government will see that ample justice is done to the miners.

The Great Lesson

The lesson of it all, the central thing that stands out amid the turmoil of these nine historic days, is the everlasting faith of our people in Law and Order. The General Strike was doomed the moment it became clear that it was an illegal act. Most of the men were not consulted. The committee which ordered the strike had no legal right to do so. The great trades union movement was betrayed. No sooner was this made clear by one of our judges than men began to pour back to work, and it was plain that the strike was breaking down. The loyalty of our working people triumphed over all political and selfish ends, and the great Humpty Dumpty came clattering down.

Midnight to Noon

Our people are not to be frightened by bogeys. They know quite well that Old England has been tried in the fires as no other nation in the world has been tried, and that she is pulling through. They know that she keeps her word and pays her debts. They know that she loves, above all, liberty and justice and fair play, and they are not to be betrayed into fighting against these things.

The General Strike began at midnight; it ended at high noonday, with the Sun shining bright in the heavens, the Sun that shall never, never set, please God, on British liberty.

ARTHUR MEE

THE GOOD SIDE OF IT ALL

THINGS WE REMEMBER

The Friendliness and Humour
that Were Seen Everywhere

PATIENCE OF A MUCH- TRIED PEOPLE

An amazing spectacle the country has been during these Nine Days. The British temperament is always a good deal maligned. We are called stolid, heavy, and so on. But when we are up against it we know how to behave. Millions of people have had their daily lives disorganised, have had to put up with extraordinary inconveniences, and have laughed about it and gone on.

The Rock of British Character

There has never been anything like it for bringing out the good humour and kindness that are part of the rock of British character. After the first day's paralysis men popped up cheerfully to try to do their bit. Everybody was giving everybody a lift, everybody was talking to everybody else, carrying their bags and helping them on, and nobody grumbled. Even the old lady who was indignant to find the tube lift not working recovered her good temper and walked off smiling when somebody told her that there was a strike on.

We do not know whether London or the provinces showed up the best. All over the country railway signals were worked by hand. After the first day now one train and then another peeped out of the siding like a rabbit bobbing out of its hole. Engines were driven by men who were a little shy of taking the points and were an excellent example of Safety First.

The Driver's Hat

Of course, when you are running the only train a day you can afford to dawdle a bit. So the passengers thought when an engine driver's hat blew off and he stopped the train to fetch it and on the way back picked some daisies for his buttonhole. They felt they were in good hands, and settled back for a talk in their corners. Another engine driver, eager to do his bit, started off before the train was linked up, and came back for it smiling. He did not mind a bit; not he.

When we saw a train we raised our hats to it and cheered; when the first bus appeared, like one star in the sky, we all had to stop and look at it, packed fore and aft, above and below, with people sitting on the stairs, and on the bonnet, too. Presently more appeared, a brave little army, each with some kind of peculiar badge. One that went very slowly was labelled: *Non-stop to Saskatchewan*.

The Fun of It

Another, which had been in the wars and lost its glass, had a card fixed where the window should have been, and on it was written: *I have no pane, dear mother, now.*

Thousands of people saw that card and went on their way laughing. Presently they had another laugh. A bus which had also been in the wars drew up to the kerb, and over a hole was written, *All stones this way.* Another bus with a hole labelled it *Emergency Exit.* Perhaps the funniest legend of all said: *Keep your eye on the conductor.*

Passers-by, seeing that brave conductor facing the problem of collecting fares from a bus that seemed as if it would not hold another fly, squirming about in the scrum and emerging breathless and scarlet, paid another tribute to the jolly mind of the Man in the Street who had put up that label.

The owners of private cars behaved for the most part in a delightful fashion. One famous writer labelled his "If you want a lift, wave your hand." Another car, parked in Lincoln's Inn, said: "Can take one big one or two little ones."

Continued in column four

From Midnight to Noonday THE STORY OF THE GREAT STRIKE

How the Nation Pulled Through
with Millions of Men Idle

A LONG WAY TO AS-YOU-WERE

The Nine Days Wonder began at midnight on May 3. The citizens of this country woke on that Tuesday morning to find themselves in a strange new world indeed.

To begin with, most of them had to walk to their work, which in London and the other big cities meant long tramps for those least accustomed to walking. And not only the journey into town, but all journeying about the country, on business or on pleasure, had come almost to a full stop. Building (except on houses) stopped, the dockers were idle, and, strangest of all, the newspapers were almost completely suspended, for even those which managed to print found the machinery of distribution utterly disorganised.

Carrying On

But there had been time for some preparation, and from the first moment of the General Strike the citizens, mainly under the leadership of the Government, slowly but steadily built up organisations of their own to replace those abandoned by the strikers. The T.U.C. (the General Council of the Trade Union Congress) which called the strike, declared itself ready to allow health, food, and sanitary services to carry on, but the Government declined to be dependent upon them, and undertook itself the whole work of organising the food supply.

Hyde Park was closed "to the public," and became a huge depot for the collection and distribution of food for the London area. The scheme worked perfectly. From the first day of the strike to the last not a child went short of milk, and even the most perishable food remained almost as plentiful as in normal times. One of the sights of London was the huge convoys of flour from the docks to the park under escorts of soldiers and armoured cars.

Getting About

The railways, too, kept going. They were never wholly stopped, and day by day from the first more and more trains were run. Towards the end the increase was at the rate of something like a thousand fresh train journeys a day. The railwaymen were allowed to work the milk trains, and the others were worked by volunteers, together with an increasing number of other railwaymen who came gradually back to work. It is amazing how many people with the necessary knowledge to run locomotives, for instance, were found to volunteer their services in response to the national appeal, and to carry through their risky work without accident.

Trams and buses returned to the streets in ever-increasing numbers, manned also by volunteers. In London, at any rate, the number of volunteers able and willing to drive tube trains and buses far exceeded the number it was possible to employ. Side by side with the buses private car owners volunteered to carry tired London workers to and from their homes; and, of course, motor cycles and push bicycles were to be seen in shoals on each converging road.

The Volunteers

Another call made for volunteers met with an equally hearty response. This was for special constables to help the police. Veterans of the war turned out side by side with students home on special leave from universities, and young men from the city whose clerical work had been interrupted by the strike. And we must not forget the clerks, sailors, and other volunteers who tackled the arduous work the dock labourers had abandoned. The numbers engaged

in these various volunteer services are beyond calculation, but those who enlisted under direct Government authority, a mere fraction of the whole, reached a round half-million.

"Carry on" was the motto everywhere, and what will remain in the memory quite as long as the fine work of the volunteer drivers, dockers, policemen, and the rest are the countless thousands of London's shop girls and typists who day by day walked five miles or so in to work and their five miles or so home again cheerfully and determinedly. The strike, as a great lawyer said, could wear out their shoe leather, but it could not wear out their spirit. Nor must we grudge a tribute to the self-restraint and orderliness of the strikers themselves. There were disturbances, but these were caused for the most part by young hooligans and loafers, and seldom by strikers. In no other country could so great a strike have been maintained for nine days with so little disorder.

Why it Ended

And then one or two newspapers came out every day, though with only four pages of the usual size instead of twenty or thirty, but it was only by degrees that it was able to build up a fresh system of distribution to replace that destroyed by the strikers. The Government brought out a paper of its own which gradually penetrated to all parts of the country, and other papers made gallant efforts and printed and distributed sheets of various sizes and styles, some of them very quaint productions, which many of their readers will preserve as mementoes of the great strike.

And on the ninth day the great strike ended. It ended because it had failed. The nation had shown that it could carry on without the strikers, and the men, seeing defeat before them, and many of them doubtful of the wisdom and rightness of their leaders, were returning to work in ever-increasing numbers. They were troubled, too, by the manner of the strike. They had been called out without being consulted and without notice, and each one of them had been put in the position of breaking his contract with employers whom he expected to carry out theirs. It is illegal to break contracts. It is illegal to incite men to break contracts. It is illegal to give strike pay out of trade union funds to men who have broken their contracts, and it would be illegal to expel men from their unions for disobeying illegal orders. The Acts of Parliament which protect men in their right to strike after due notice given do not protect them in breaking contracts by leaving without notice.

A Folly of the Past

On the night of the fifth day of the strike Mr. Baldwin had addressed the nation over the wireless, saying that while the strike must be called off unconditionally before the Government could resume negotiations over the coal dispute, it was ready so soon as that was done to use every effort to bring about a just settlement. It was on the strength of this assurance that the T.U.C., faced by the failure of the strike, went to Downing Street at noon on the ninth day and told him that they were calling the strike off.

This brought the nation back to "As you were." It had been a long way to arrive at the point where the nation stood at midnight on that fateful Monday, with the miners still locked out and a settlement of that dispute still to be found; but with the first (and surely the last) General Strike in its history safely behind us, among the tragic follies of the past.

THE GREAT CRISIS

HOW THE TROUBLE CAME

Trying to Find a Way Out in
the Coalfields

A KEY INDUSTRY

Britain has been face to face with the sharpest crisis in her modern history, for never before have her people been engaged in such a difficult and wide-reaching conflict.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Coal Trade has already been summarised in the C.N. It recommended that:

1. The Government subsidy (which made up what the employers said they could afford in wages to what the men said they could accept) should not be renewed; 2. The men's minimum wages should be reduced by the amount they were increased two years ago, during a temporary boom, but their hours of work should not be increased; 3. Various changes should be made in the organisation of the mines which would reduce costs and enable employers to pay better wages.

The Owners' Proposals

The Government announced that it accepted the report and wished for a settlement on the lines it laid down. Much time was occupied, however, in discussions about the interpretation of the Commission's proposals, especially as to whether wage reductions should be arranged locally, as the employers proposed, or nationally, as the miners desired.

In the end the employers agreed that the settlement should be national. But they proposed that in addition to the withdrawal of the increase granted in 1924 the men's hours should be increased from seven to eight hours a day.

This proposal was made on the very day that the Government subsidy ended, and the notices terminating the miners' engagements at the old wages expired.

The Mines Closed

The miners rejected the proposal, and refused even to promise to agree to a reduction in wages before the reorganisation of the mines was discussed.

So the mines were closed down, and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress announced that a general strike would take place in support of the miners, stopping all transport services—by rail, road, sea, or air—the supply of electric power, printing (including the newspapers), building (except houses and hospitals), and the iron and steel industries.

The Government announced that if the miners had been willing to promise to accept a reduction of wages while reorganisation of the mines was being carried out it would have been willing to continue the subsidy another fortnight; but that it could not continue any discussions whatever till the threat of a general strike had been withdrawn.

And, as neither side would budge from the position it had taken up, the great industrial civil strife began.

Continued from column one

Dickys were perilous, though most useful they were. One fell off in the street and flop went a C.N. office boy and two girls; but nobody minded. They fixed themselves up and went merrily on.

Once a huge Rolls-Royce tried to slink out of the City carrying one stoutish gentleman, but it was stopped by a smiling varsity lad and packed to the brim with city workers before it was allowed to proceed. Another boy of the same type had volunteered to work on the Underground. He did not know much about it, but he did what he could. Presently an old lady asked him if his train went to Shepherd's Bush.

"I am extremely sorry, Madam," returned the bright boy, "I do not know anything about it. My job is to shut the doors." Bless him; we hope he is safely back at Oxford.

THE AEROPLANE SCORES

HOW IT IS MAKING LIFE EASIER

A Six-Day Journey in Six Hours

THE FLYING DOCTOR

Of the aeroplane it might be said that in its vocabulary is no such word as impossible. Every day the news of its comings and goings records some new feat done: a journey from the Congo to Brussels, yet another flight across the length or breadth of Africa, or a new race from mid-Europe to Tokyo in Japan. In many ways it is making life easier; things difficult or impossible before are accomplished without difficulty now. It is the new annihilator of distance. In Alaska before the snows melt it is a six-day journey by sledge from Fairbanks to Point Barrow, and a perilous journey it is. Captain Wilkins made the journey in his plane in six hours. Not content with that, he seized the opportunity of clear skies and a sweetly-running engine to push on for another 150 miles, 7000 feet above the uncharted Polar Sea.

A New Way

No explorer by ship or sledge had ever gone that way before. Like the companions of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, these airmen "were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

An aeroplane has before now been sent in pursuit of an ocean liner. One plane—a fast Napier—set out the other day from Croydon aerodrome to try to catch the Olympic at Southampton with some plans that should have gone across the Atlantic with a consulting engineer. There was just not time to make the connection. The liner had sailed before the Napier arrived.

Chasing a Liner to Sea

But that eventuality had been foreseen. Another plane, a flying boat, had been got in readiness by telephoned instructions. The plans were transferred; the second winged messenger went after the Olympic and caught her up at Cherbourg.

Still one more thing aeroplanes are to do when human limbs fail. They are to fly to the Alpine huts which are the resting-places of Alpine climbers, taking with them food and folded stretchers and other medical aids, so that if any climbers are marooned there they can be brought back to safety.

Already these climbing planes are revictualing the huts, usually a costly and difficult business, in preparation for the summer climbing season.

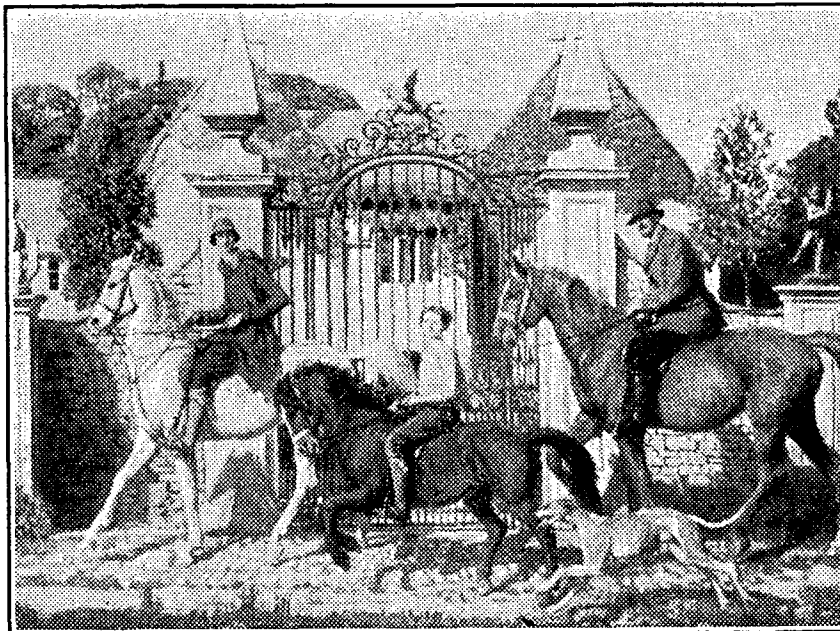
A Week to Reach a Patient

Yet another use has been found for the aeroplane: it is the messenger of mercy. In the vast Northern Territory of Australia the doctor at Port Darwin, the chief and almost the only town for hundreds of miles, has a practice extending over an area ten times as large as Great Britain.

The roads are tracks; there is no railway; and sometimes it would take the doctor a week to reach his patients if it were not for the aeroplane. But now he can get to them in a few hours.

Following on this the interior of the Australian Continent is to be mapped out in circular areas, each 400 miles across, and each served by its own flying doctor, whose patients out in the Bush will call him up by wireless.

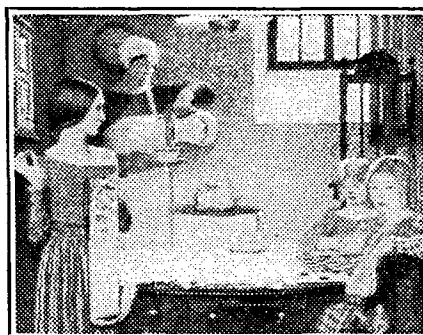
THE ART OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"Us Riding," by Mr. G. Spencer Watson, A.R.A.



Hunting, by Mr. Frank M. Taubman



Childhood, by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, A.R.A.



The Daughters of Mr. J. Waddell, by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A.



John, by Mr. W. Reid Dick, A.R.A.



Hester McDowell, by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.

This year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy contains over 1400 exhibits and we give on this page some of the more interesting pictures and sculptures by well-known artists which are attracting the attention of visitors at Burlington House.

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USEFUL AND HAPPY BOYS AND GIRLS WHO LIKE THEIR WORK

How Science Helps Us to Choose Our Calling

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

A wonderful new science has been invented of special importance to children. It is called by the long name vocational psychology.

It is the science of finding out what kind of work a child is best fitted for when leaving school. Some of us believe we know what we want to do and are sure we can do it. Others of us seem less confident about it and are grateful for advice if we are sure that the person advising us understands our difficulties.

We are very glad, of course, to depend on the judgment of our parents in this supremely important decision of our lives. But our parents are often puzzled to know what advice to give us, and their greatest difficulty is with those of us who have no particular idea what we should like to do.

Applying the New Science

And now a body of learned people who make a study of the human mind have invented ways of finding out by scientific experiments the sort of work a child is best able to do, and the sort of work, therefore, which he will be happiest in doing. There are enlightened employers on the one hand and enlightened educationists on the other who realise the importance of this science, and they have combined to form a department under the Government for developing and applying it.

Now a report has been issued under the direction of Dr. Cyril Burt, of the London County Council Education Department, which gives the results of a series of experiments in giving advice to a hundred London children (52 boys and 48 girls) as to the occupations they should choose.

Results of the Experiment

First of all the committee of inquiry examined and classified the occupations chosen by a thousand other boys and girls from the same London schools, so as to understand what positions were open to them. Then they examined and tested the hundred boys and girls and had talks with their parents and teachers, and advised them as to the occupations they should choose. Some accepted the advice and some rejected it. Two years later the committee looked up all these children to see how they had got on in their new posts. And this is what they found.

Of the children who had accepted the advice four out of every five said they were pleased with their work and prospects and with the payment they were getting, and only one child in the whole number was thoroughly dissatisfied. Of those who had rejected the advice nearly half disliked the work they had chosen instead. Those who had accepted were getting on the average higher pay than those who had rejected; they had been promoted faster, had changed their situations less often, and only one of them had been dismissed.

Being Happy and Being Useful

While the testing and advice were extremely useful, everybody will agree that the experiments ought to be repeated on a much wider scale, so that the tests themselves may be properly tested. It seems, on the face of it, as though here were a new science capable of giving immense help in increasing the happiness and usefulness of the citizens. For it is certain, other things being equal, not only that when we are happiest we are most useful, but that when we are most useful we are happiest.

THE GREAT SCOURGE

EMPIRE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CANCER

A Million Pounds Wanted to Fight the Foe

A CALL FOR HELP

A really splendid work in fighting that terrible foe of mankind the disease of cancer is being carried out by the British Empire Cancer Campaign, which is now in its third year and, under the chairmanship of Viscount Cave, the Lord Chancellor, has already secured more than £100,000 for scientific research into the causes and cure of this widespread affliction.

This energetic organisation was started to keep the different agencies throughout the world, and particularly those in the British Empire, which are fighting the scourge in touch with one another, so that their work might be coordinated; and also to find new ways of forwarding the great campaign. The idea is to marshal the scientific intelligence of the whole world for the investigation of this terrible disease.

50,000 Deaths a Year

And assuredly there could be no nobler object. Cancer is one of the six principal causes of death among us now. In England and Wales alone there are over 50,000 deaths a year from this cause alone. Medical men are deeply convinced that as there must be a cause there must also be a cure, and they are determined to discover them both. But the search needs organising and it costs money. The aim of the British Empire Cancer Campaign is to supply the organisation and the money. It subsidises hospitals at which cancer research is being carried out and it supports individual investigators of approved value, who otherwise might find difficulty in carrying on their work.

There are many different ways in which the problem may be tackled, and the Campaign is anxious that none of them shall be neglected. For instance, it is known that various kinds of irritation of different parts of the body will cause cancer. Thus it is necessary to discover just what those kinds of irritation are, and how they are caused and how they can be prevented.

X-Rays as a Cure

Again, it is known that cancer can often be cured if it is discovered early enough, and one of the things the doctors are trying to find out is how to discover it earlier than they do now. Then it is known that some forms of cancer can be cured by X-rays and by radium, but the way this can be done is not fully known and has to be found out.

Cancer is not infectious, but it is not decided yet whether it may not be due to a living virus, or poison, which acts only in certain conditions. That question, also, must be followed up until the conditions have been discovered and counteracted.

But perhaps the most interesting and most hopeful thing that is known about cancer is that the body can sometimes get rid of it by itself. Obviously it is of enormous importance to discover the how and the when of this natural cure. If we can find out what this cure is and how it is applied we may learn also how to apply it when Nature does not do it of her own accord.

Missionaries to Help

One reason why the British Empire Cancer Campaign is in a specially good position to help is because of the great variety of climate and other conditions that exist within the Empire under which investigation can be carried on. It is with this fact in mind that the Campaign has sent out an elaborate series of inquiries to over eight hundred medical missionaries in all parts of the Empire. Very valuable replies have been received.

Although the Campaign has already collected over £100,000 it is stated that

NEW SHAH CROWNS HIMSELF

Mounts the Throne of the Conqueror Nadir

THE SUCCESSOR OF DARIUS

The new Shah of Persia, Riza Shah Pahlevi, who began life as a private soldier, has solemnly crowned himself as the successor of Darius in the presence of the great officers of State, the high clergy of the Shia Moslem faith, and the representatives of a number of foreign Powers.

The crown he put on was a new one, the Pahlevi Crown, of gold encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; but the throne he ascended, the sword he took in his hand, and the aigrette which the crown replaced were those of Nadir Shah, his great eighteenth-century predecessor, who captured Delhi from the Great Mogul, massacred its inhabitants, married the Mogul's daughter, and ruled an empire stretching from the Indus and the Oxus to the Euphrates and the Caspian.

Riza, like Nadir, has stepped to the throne over a fallen dynasty; but he has done it by due process of law with the assent of his parliament and, apparently, with the approval of his people.

The people in the street, we are told, showed more enthusiasm than is customary in Persia, and his escort was composed of the chiefs of fifty-eight tribes who had been a thorn in the side of his predecessor.

THE BATTLE OF THE FEZ

Curious History of a Hat

In April, 1924, the fez was abolished as the official headdress in Irak.

In October, 1925, the wearing of the fez was prohibited in Turkey.

In March, 1926, the Egyptian Grand Mufti declared that it was contrary to the Moslem religion for theological students there to abandon the tarbush (like the fez, only taller) in favour of European hats.

In April, 1926, a meeting of Moslem and Christian Arabs was held in Jerusalem, at which it was decided that the fez was not a national Arab headgear and had no religious significance, and that the European hat was therefore to be preferred.

Kicked thus from pillar to post, the fez is getting rather a battered appearance.

Continued from the previous column

a million would not be too much for the work yet to be done. Happily there is an enthusiastic response to the call for service from all circles of society, and some of the most distinguished people in the realm are giving liberally of their time and wealth to help suffering humanity in this direction.

Among other efforts a Midsummer Ball in aid of the funds of the Campaign has been arranged to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on June 22, and the Duke and Duchess of York have agreed to be patrons. The organisation of this has been in the hands of a committee presided over by the Viscountess Cave, who is as full of enthusiasm for the cause as the Lord Chancellor himself.

"I am very keen about the Campaign," she says in a letter to the C.N., "because it means so much to the world if a cure for this dire disease can only be found, and it is the children's future I think so much about and what it will mean to them."

This view of the problem must appeal strongly to all readers of the C.N., who will warmly endorse what Viscountess Cave says. We commend the Campaign strongly to our readers. Subscriptions and applications for tickets for the ball, which are two guineas each, should be addressed to the British Empire Cancer Campaign, at 19, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

HEART THAT STOPPED BEATING

Thrilling Experience in a London Hospital

A MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN

A man is living and working in Uganda who a few months ago was accounted as dead in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. For the space of three minutes he appeared to have passed beyond that bourne from which no traveller returns. His breathing had ceased, his heart had stopped beating.

The surgeon who was leaning over him and who but a moment before had said that his patient, who was under chloroform, seemed to be bearing the severe operation well was startled at the cessation of the heartbeat. But he instantly applied the only remedy that was possible in the circumstances. He massaged the man's heart and oxygen was passed down the windpipe.

The seconds ticked by and became minutes. Three minutes passed. There was a single contraction of the heart. Life was struggling back.

Life Back on its Throne

Another ten seconds passed. The heart twitched feebly. Then with rapid, feeble beats it began its life's work again. A sigh shook the unconscious man. His lungs followed the lead of his heart. Life had come back to its shaky throne.

The man whose heart had made such a brave struggle in response to the surgeon's urgency was far from being out of danger. Even the serious operation was not over. But with heart and lungs working that could be resumed, and it was completed successfully.

Very often when the heart, interrupted in its work, is thus restored to activity the patient afterwards fails and dies. But this one completely recovered, and is now a stronger man than he has been for some years.

ONE MORE GOOD THING

A Battery that is Not Always Running Out

BOON TO WIRELESS AMATEURS

The acid accumulator so generally used to supply a wireless set with power has the disadvantage that it constantly runs out and requires recharging with electricity.

Accumulators are known as secondary storage batteries, while cells which do not require recharging, such as the Leclanché cells used for electric bells, are called primary batteries. Unfortunately no suitable primary battery has so far been found to give the continual current required by a valve; ringing a bell is an occasional business, and allows the primary battery to rest and recover between the rings.

At last, however, a primary battery has been discovered which looks as if it were going to solve the amateur's troubles, for it will work two or three dull emitter valves as well as an accumulator. The battery includes a new type of porous pot, which contains a zinc plate in a paste of sodium chloride, and outside are carbon rods standing in a solution of perchloride of iron. The batteries will last for 300 hours, and can then be renewed in a few minutes by putting fresh solutions in the porous pot and the outer vessel.

The new battery has been tested and found to be very efficient, and it will enable many wireless amateurs to use valves who are at present unable to do so on account of the difficulty of getting accumulators recharged.

HANDY

British Officer's Wonderful Career

KEEPING THE PATHANS IN ORDER

Wonderful stories are told of Mr. E. C. Handyside, Commandant of the Frontier Constabulary, who has been killed in rounding up Pathan outlaws in a village ten miles from Peshawar.

It is the duty of the Frontier Constabulary not only to defend the frontiers and to rout out raiders from beyond the border, but to track and punish criminals from British territory who take refuge among the hillmen, becoming outlaws who pay their way by guiding the raiders in their attacks.

Adored by His Men

Handy, as he was universally called, was recklessly careless of his own safety but exceedingly careful of the lives of his men, and would far rather take a bandit alive than dead. His men adored him, and he was devoted to them and an admirer even of his friends the enemy. He spoke so enthusiastically of some of them to the late Viceroy once that Lord Reading laughingly told him he must give him his recommendations for the Birthday Honours List.

He was a master of camouflage, and so were the enemy, but they did not often succeed in deceiving Handy. Searching a house and tower of the Afridis for rifles stolen from a Kohat magazine, he agreed to allow the women to be taken away first. But as the women filed out two of them had surprisingly large, hairy hands, and one of them did not manage to hide his beard properly behind his veil! All three were outlaws. It was the hollow sound of the floor of this tower when Handy stamped on it that led to the discovery of the rifles.

An Impressive Scene

On the morning of his death Mr. Handyside was in search of two well-known bandits when he came to a house that looked suspicious, and, telling his men to stand back, he and his lieutenant, Mr. Taylor, dashed across the open to gain cover under its walls. Before he could reach shelter Mr. Handyside fell, shot through the heart.

True to his leader's teaching, even under that provocation, Mr. Taylor called on the occupants of the house to surrender. One of them did so, but the other continued to fire. It was only then that the house was bombed, and its defender died within ten minutes of his capture.

Great crowds of his Pathan friends attended Handy's funeral at Peshawar. He was buried with full military honours, with the R.A.F. machines which had often carried him to his points of attack circling overhead.

A SALE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON

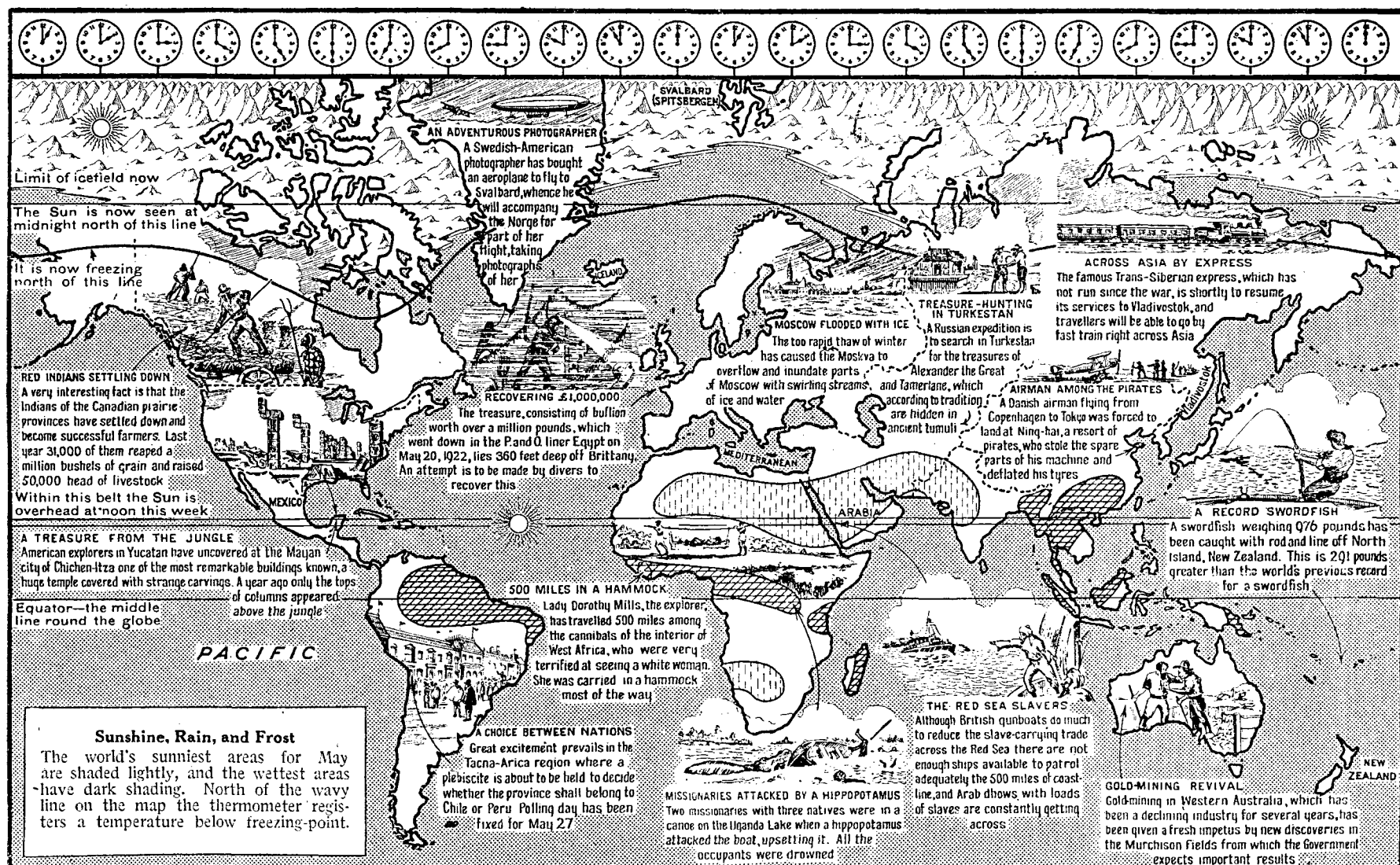
Old Armour Going Cheap

The Tower of London has been having a clearance sale of old armour, with Beefeaters as salesmen.

Of course there was nothing very wonderful to be picked up. All that was valuable was sorted out long ago and put on stands or in cases. What were left were odd pieces, mostly belonging to the pikemen of Charles I. The Tower authorities had no further use for them, but rather than cart them away they had them ticketed for sale to visitors as souvenirs. The last sale of the kind was about 1842.

Helmets were marked at £3, brassards and riding gauntlets at £2, and leg pieces and elbow guards at 15s. Trade, we believe, has been brisk.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



BACK TO THE LEAGUE

Argentina Goes to Geneva Once More

It is good news that the Argentine Government has availed itself of the League Council's invitation to send representatives to sit on two important League Commissions meeting at Geneva, the Committee on the Membership of the Council and the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament.

At the first meeting of the League Assembly, in 1920, Argentina took offence at the treatment given to a resolution proposed by her representatives. This was an amendment to the League Covenant regarding the conditions of membership. The Assembly referred it to a committee for report a year later, and Argentina wanted it adopted at once. So she ordered her representatives to withdraw from the Assembly, and they have never attended since that time.

Argentina did not withdraw from membership, though she ceased to pay her subscription. Recently, however, she voluntarily paid up her arrears, and now, although the Assembly has never accepted her amendment, she is cooperating in the League's work. Let us hope this means she will attend the next meeting of the Assembly.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A painting by Rembrandt . . .	£30,000
1st edition of Pickwick Papers . . .	£1400
A portrait by Titian . . .	£1102
Etching by Sir David Cameron . . .	£500
Etching by James McBey . . .	£305
Medal presented by William III . . .	£255
A Queen Anne mirror . . .	£220
Pair of Queen Anne stools . . .	£140
Four Chippendale chairs . . .	£126
An early Tudor armchair . . .	£100

THE BUZZARD'S BELL

Strange Story of a Long-lived Bird

Passers-by in the town of Athens, in Georgia, U.S.A., stop before a jeweller's window where a rusty bell is displayed on which is engraved *Joel Mine, Lianville, 1882*. The bell and its inscription are pieces of evidence in one of the oddest stories that ever have been told in American newspapers.

Someone is said to have hung the bell round the neck of a buzzard forty years or more ago. All that time the bird is supposed to have flown far and wide over the Appalachian Mountains and as far south as the swamps of Louisiana, tolling the bell as it went, till the other day a farmer, as handy with a gun as some of our own sportsmen when rare birds are about, shot it.

In those forty years the buzzard with the bell had become a legend. The Negroes thought it was a bird of omen, and regarded the tolling of its bell as the call of vengeance.

But no one seems to know how the buzzard got its bell, and everybody seems to take for granted that it has had a life of nearly half a century.

TRAPPED ON THE RAILWAY

The Danger of Trespassing

A little boy of five strayed on to the railway at Cardiff the other day and caught his foot in the points. Before he could be rescued an express came up at full speed and killed him instantly.

Some boys are fond of putting their feet between the rails at the points, forgetful that these may be switched over at any moment and trap them, or that their boots may get jammed even without the points being moved.

It is a terribly foolish thing to do; but then it is foolish to trespass on the railway at all.

WINDFALL FOR A COLONY

Fortune Left to British Honduras

The colony of British Honduras has had a curious windfall. Baron Bliss, who died on board his yacht *Sea King* at Belize, the capital, early in the year, has left a fortune estimated at £25,000 a year for the development of the colony.

The Governor, the Secretary, and the Attorney-General are the trustees, and in any works they may undertake with the money only British material and British labour are to be used. Over the grave of the giver at Fort George an obelisk is to be built, eighty feet high, with a light at the top for the guidance of shipping. A hundred pounds a year is to be spent on a regatta.

Baron Bliss, who was the fourth of his line, was formerly Baron de Bareto. He was educated at Cheltenham and lived near Marlow. But he went abroad in 1912, and his only address of late years was at Nassau, the Bahamas capital, at first at the Hermitage ashore, but afterwards he could only be communicated with on his yacht.

He spent his whole time cruising or at anchor in the Caribbean Sea. He was 57 when he died, and left no heir.

THE MACHINE AGE

The age in which we live is referred to as the Petrol Age, the Wireless Age, the Flying Age, and so on, but the truest name of all is surely the Machine Age! Progress has been more rapid in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries than at any other period in the world's story, and it has been almost entirely due to the influence of machinery.

The subject of machinery is a fascinating one, and in the June number of *Ny Magazine*, ready everywhere on May 15, we are told the story of how the machine conquered the world. There are many other interesting articles in this splendid number of the C.N.'s monthly companion, and readers will be well advised to order their copies at once.

LAST EMPEROR OF KOREA

Ruler Who Signed Away His Country's Independence

END OF A CHEQUERED LIFE

The Korean Empire came to an end sixteen years ago, but the last of the Korean emperors has only just died, a broken and disappointed man of 52.

There have been two Emperors of Korea, Yi Syek and his father, Yi Hyeung, who first proclaimed his kingdom an empire. But these traced their descent through a line of 25 kings from the founder of the dynasty, who lived more than six hundred years ago.

Yi Syek's boyhood was spent amid the quarrels of his father and his grandfather, which culminated in 1895 in the murder of his mother and his father's imprisonment and escape to the Russian Legation. Till then the Emperor of China had been the overlord of Korea, but from that time Russia became the predominant Power till the Russo-Japanese War gave authority to Japan.

And so, in 1910, little more than three years after his father had abdicated in his favour, Yi Syek was forced to sign a treaty with Japan ceding the sovereignty of his country to the Mikado. Poor baby empire! And poor puppet emperor! How vaulting ambition did o'erleap itself!

The ex-emperor was made to live in Japan, where he and his family were given Japanese titles and pensions, and his brother and heir married a princess of the blood royal. But he was allowed to return home before he died, and his brother and his princess will live in Korea too.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Caribbean	Kar-ib-be-an
Korea	Ko-re-ah
Mikado	Me-kah-do
Titian	Tish-an

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Only Ourselves to Blame

WE all know the troubles which seem as if they could not have been helped, like the handle of the parlourmaid's jug which just came off in her hand; but nearly always, when looking back at these things, we are bound to think that if we had remembered this, or had not forgotten that, they would not have happened.

Most often it was because something was forgotten, as in the ancient saying:

For want of a nail a shoe was lost.
For want of a shoe a horse was lost.
For want of a horse a battle was lost.
For want of a battle a kingdom was lost.

Perhaps the king could not have been expected to look into the matter of shoeing his horses. It was someone else's fault that lost him his kingdom. But it was not an accident. Accidents are not accidental. We may be sure that the farrier let the shoe go, saying that an odd nail missing would not matter.

There are some accidents, very annoying ones, which seem as if nobody could be blamed for them, but a great scientific experimenter, after describing the exasperating ways in which his apparatus would break down time after time and defeat him by its cunning, ended by saying that it always played fair: all one had to do was to learn the rules!

Here, again, accidents are not accidental. The fault is in our own haste, or ignorance, or neglect, or usually accidents happen when we are tired. This is so true that the people who reckon up these things and consider the accidents occurring in factories and workshops tell us that the greater number of them happen in the later hours of the day or the later days of the week, when the workers are tired. Fatigue (industrial fatigue, as we are learning to call it) is so powerful a cause of accidents that, taking an average, we could almost say how many it was bound to cause among a thousand workmen in the course of a year.

But, putting aside a known cause like that, and thinking of one person at a time instead of a large number, we should have to say that the person finds the accident rather than that the accident seeks the person. Some are careful and some neglectful; some say Safety First and others take the risk. Some hope for the best; others hope for the best but prepare for the worst. The Oriental says *Kismet*; the young and brave will take heart against any fate. And the climax of the matter is that it is our characters which in the end preserve us from the worst mishaps of accidents and enable us, as Hamlet said, to take arms against a sea of troubles.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



On the Road to Jerusalem

WHO would not be grateful to somebody with much leisure if he could devote it to making up a list of all the beautiful memorials in the world—we mean memorials of peaceful things and not of war?

We have just been reminded of one with which the list might begin; it is a stone seat in Palestine in memory of Holman Hunt, and we cannot help thinking that many a tired traveller, sitting on this seat on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, has thanked God for the artist who painted The Light of the World.

Or Her Nobs

MOST of us know enough about the corruption of the English language to be able to tell that the inn called Goat and Compasses was once upon a time called *God Encompass Us*, but a traveller has been quite mystified by another bit of jargon which had its roots in ancient piety.

He learned that Margaretta was considered a lucky name, but the luck would vanish if the man who was to wed a girl christened Margaretta forgot to perform a certain rite on the bridal eve. He had to pass a daisy three times through the wedding-ring, and to say *Saint Margaretta or her nobs*.

The traveller found that the superstitious folk who said it had no idea of what it meant; what they did not know was that hundreds of years ago, when England was a Roman Catholic land, their grandsires called upon Saint Margaretta to pray for them: *Sancta Margaretta, ora pro nobis!*

The Land of Liberty

By Simple Simon

We have received this little note from our friend Simple Simon.

I LEARN that a brilliant Negro doctor, Ossian H. Sweet, moved into a house in one of the best streets in Detroit, and that a mob attacked the house, not because there was any blemish on the doctor's character, but because they resented the presence of a coloured man in the white quarter. The windows were broken and shots were fired. The besieged people fired in defence, and a man in the crowd was killed. Now the doctor and his household are on trial for murder.

If a blameless citizen may not live where he likes why are we to call his country the Land of Liberty? Can liberty exist unless it is liberty for all?

I suppose the old Russia was a place of perfect freedom—for the Tsar; and that the new Russia is a Paradise of liberty—for Trotsky. I suppose that the lions in the Zoo are free as air—within the limits of their cages; and that prisoners can come and go just as they please—up and down their cells. But this sort of liberty seems to me a very poor substitute for the real thing.

Is It True?

WHAT a lot of work is still to be done in educating people!

The other day a missionary in India was asked by a Bengali woman: *Is it true that English babies are bathed in brandy as soon as they are born, and that is what makes your race white?*

Tip-Cat

MUSSOLINI says the motto of his life has been Live dangerously. If he had been brought up in our streets it would be Safety First.

WHY strive, asks a speaker, to educate everybody for the top? Because we want to make things hum.

MONKEYS, according to a scientist, are not so ignorant after all. Nevertheless, few of them rank among the learned.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

Why we catch
soft water when
it rains hard

A SOARING lark will sing an unbroken song for twenty minutes. It must be a bit of a strain.

NEARLY five million in this country have defective eyesight. And the rest can rarely see eye to eye.

A FAMOUS pianist has never taken any exercise in his

life. Except, of course, when he was running up his scales.

ITALY has not influenced the thought of Europe, we are told. Nor helped to supply its want of thought.

POPULAR music usually means inferior music. And it ought to be played in a low tone.

One Boy's Road to Fortune

THE other day an old man of 85 died in America, rich, honoured, good to his fellow men. He used to tell many tales of his boyhood and youth. The most interesting began 75 years ago. The wealthy philanthropist was then a waif of ten, and his entire capital was 18 cents.

He walked up and down a New York street, keeping his bare toes carefully out of people's way. It was a hot day, and he noticed ladies fanning themselves, some with fans they carried, some with any old piece of paper. The bright child then disappeared, and found a place where he could buy palm leaf fans. He spent his capital on a dozen at a cent and a half apiece, came back to the busy streets, and sold them readily at three cents apiece.

A week later he was doing a roaring trade, and soon branched out into something bigger. Very soon he was hard at work. Before he was middle-aged he had got a fortune together.

Times Have Changed

By Our Country Girl

ONCE upon a time two little girls lived in the country. One was a sunburned, sturdy girl who rode a pony about the lanes and had a nursery cupboard stacked with toys. The other was a white-faced cripple who owned a battered doll and a rose tree.

They are getting on for thirty now. The cripple's family came to London long ago to seek work, and the wealthy girl visited her the other day.

"You know, Rose," she said, "Hall Place is sold. You see, we had to pay death duties twice, first for Father, and then again when my brother was killed. Taxation finished us. Mother and I are looking for a flat, and I'm hoping for a job."

The Cause of the Trouble

"I am sorry, miss," returned Rose, cocking her sweet, elfin face up to look at her guest with some difficulty, for she is a tiny creature with double curvature of the spine. "These do seem bad times for everyone. My dad's been gone for years too. And Mother's got a bad leg, besides being too old to go out charing any more. Still it wouldn't have been so bad but for the bobbing."

"The bobbing?" asked her mystified caller.

"Yes, miss. The bobbing and shingling. You see, I was apprenticed to wig-making. I've been working for one hairdresser seven years, doing transformations, and curls, and switches. Now it's not fashionable to have a lot of hair any more. He's had to cut down. He gave me the sack. He says he'll send me any piece-work he gets, but that's uncertain. He gave me a good reference, but all the shops I apply at tell me the same tale."

Then she laughed.

Looking on the Bright Side

"I'm thinking of going into service," she said. "Don't you think I'd make a good parlourmaid? Of course I couldn't reach up to the table, but perhaps they wouldn't want waiting! Or I fancy myself as a cook—if only I could find a place where no cooking was required, for the top of a stove is out of my reach. Course if things come to the worst I shall have to go on the stage!"

Her visitor's face was overcast. The brave little thing smiled up at her and put a small hand on hers.

"Now then, miss," she said, "we must look on the bright side."

The people who do that are seldom to be seen at an expensive restaurant. They are often people who live in one room and have some great bodily affliction, and do not know from one week to another if there is going to be work and food. Let us honour these V.C.s of the mean streets.

Mankind will reach the height of felicity when each individual understands that his own happiness consists in the happiness of others. ZOLA

HOW THEY DO IT IN U.S.A.

PITY THE POOR PRESIDENT

The Two Hundred Men who Hang About White House

BILL PRICE AND HIS CONQUEST

Who would be President of the United States? Not many who have not been trained to American ways would care for the President's job at the price he pays.

The newspapers of his country have been glorying in the fact that the President is "the most closely watched man in the world." Two hundred newspaper correspondents hang around the White House at Washington to report whom he talks with, walks with, plays with, and dines with every day.

The fashion was set by a country journalist from South Carolina named Bill Price, who carried a table into the White House one day and sat outside the door of the President's room, asking everybody who went in what his business was and everyone who came out what had been said to him. Apparently everyone was ready to pour forth information. Now the Press generally has joined in, and has organised a watching service which boasts that nothing the President does or says can escape it.

We think it worth while to tell the story of his conquest as Bill Price tells it himself. At least there are some things we do better on this side of the Atlantic. Bill went to the Editor of the Washington Star and asked for work, and this is what happened:

He told me to go up to the White House and get all the news, and it struck me it was just like going down to the railroad depot to find out who had come in on No. 9. I've been told that he never expected to see me again, and I imagine he was surprised to receive a huge batch of copy I had written in pencil. I wrote that story standing up, holding the paper against the wall of the White House on the second floor. I remember how I started it off: "President McKinley entered the office today prepared for a hard day's work."

The Office-Seekers

The President's office in those days was on the second floor of the main part of the White House, where it had been since the building was reconstructed after the British had burned it in the War of 1812. I walked in at the front door, told a man I wanted to go to the President's office, or wherever it was he saw people, and someone was kind enough to escort me upstairs and lead me into a large ante-room, where there were a dozen groups of men.

No one paid much attention to me. I suppose they thought I was another office-seeker; and John Addison Porter, the President's secretary, was much surprised when I told him who I was and that I had come to get the news and spend the day. He didn't make any objection, although I must say he was not over enthusiastic, so I took out my pad and pencil and began to tackle the groups of men. I wrote down their names and their answers to my questions as to why they were there. Without exception they were all there to ask for Government jobs for themselves or to recommend someone else.

Same News for Three Months

The Civil Service was not so extensive as it is today, most of the jobs going by war record and political favour. That first day McKinley did nothing but talk about jobs, and I wrote reams about it, making a running narrative of the men who went into the President's office and the appointments they sought.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The old camel caravans are to be restored in the Sahara Desert.

Of the telephone lines in Great Britain four million miles are underground and one million miles overhead.

A £426 Night

An all-night sitting of the House of Commons is estimated to cost £426.

English Schoolboys' Trip to France

Nearly a hundred schoolboys from Tilbury have had a sea trip to Marseilles and back through the kindness of a fellow townsman.

Teaching Children Tidiness

The King having suggested the habits of tidiness to school children, the London County Council have adopted lessons including orderliness, especially when visiting public parks.

Chicago now has over a hundred full-sized golf courses.

The Government is subscribing £70,000 during the present year to the League of Nations.

Girl Guides of 21 Nations

Twenty-one nations were represented at the Girl Guides' International Conference held in America recently.

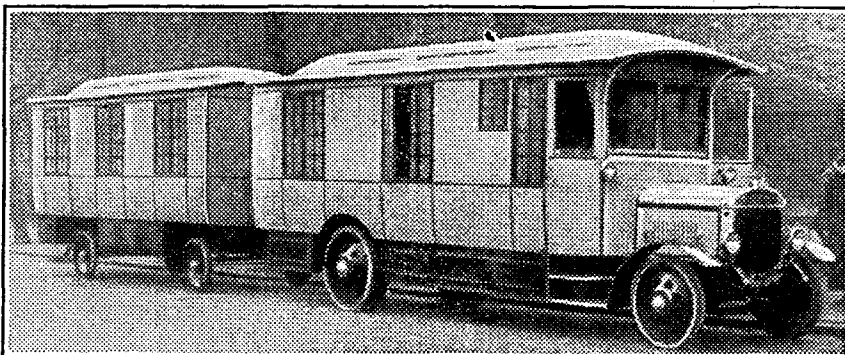
Forty Miles by Scooter

A Luton boy of eleven has travelled from his home to Bedford and back on a scooter. He covered the distance of forty miles in twelve hours.

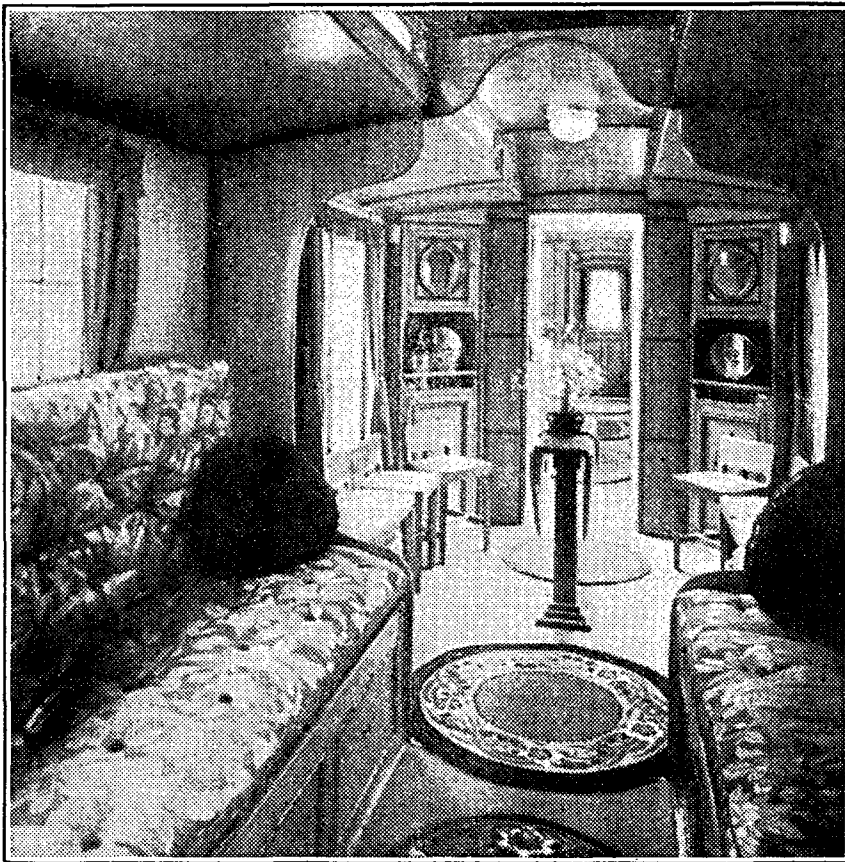
Speeding Up the Tramways

The Ministry of Transport has given permission for the maximum speed of the Metropolitan Electric Tramcars to be increased from 16 to 20 miles an hour.

AN INDIAN PRINCE'S PALACE ON WHEELS



The motor-caravan and its trailer



The interior of the motor-car caravan, with its beautiful furniture and decorations

Here is a luxurious motor-caravan, which has just been sent to India. It was built in London for an Indian prince. The two cars provide ample accommodation for sixteen people, who can sleep or dine while they are travelling

My column was headed *At the White House*, and for the first three months there was scarcely anything in it except news of the office-seekers. Men came for all kinds of jobs, with no qualifications except that they had supported the ticket. They urged their loyalty on McKinley for everything from an ambassadorship down to the post of White House cook.

My job got to be big enough for me to require a table, and, as the White House would not give me one, I went down on Four-and-a-Half Street in Washington, bought me a second-hand kitchen affair and had a darky drive it to the White House in a rickety old express cart. I lugged it upstairs myself, and set it out in the hall, right outside the President's door. I caught them coming and going

then, but it had got to be too much of a job to write it all in longhand, as I had to send it in batches down to the office every hour; so I asked John Addison Porter to let me have a typewriter. I thought he would have apoplexy. Typewriters and telephones were very rare in those days.

DUELLING BANNED IN GERMANY

A Bill has been adopted by the Reichstag providing that duelling among civil servants and military and naval officers shall be punished by dismissal. Duelling is a survival of barbarism which has long been banished from British life, and it is interesting to see Germany, where it has survived so long, also abolishing it.

CHANG, WU, AND FENG

CHINA STILL WITHOUT PEACE

Latest Moves of the War Lords

PEKING AGAIN CHANGES HANDS

Are the unfortunate Chinese ever to have peace? There have been big changes in the military position of late, but he would be a bold prophet who said they gave any real assurance of peace.

For years Generals Chang Tso-lin, the great Manchurian war lord, and Wu Pei-fu, whose strength has been in the central provinces, were fighting each other for supremacy. Then Feng Yushiang, known as the Christian General, broke away from Wu and took possession of Peking, saying that he was going to put an end to civil war and make Parliament supreme once more.

Many people think he really meant it, while others think he was merely playing for his own hand, like the others. Anyway, as both Chang and Wu repudiated his claims and proceeded to fight Feng in the intervals of fighting each other, the practical result was to make three warring armies instead of two.

Help from Russia

Feng accepted help in his struggle from Russia, and so his enemies said he wanted to make China Bolshevik and even to give Russia power in China. Feng strongly denied this, and while he was in control in Peking there was little sign of Bolshevism there. But Peking was as much under military domination while he was there as it was before.

Then, quite recently, Chang and Wu made an alliance against Feng and advanced on Peking. Gradually they pressed Feng's troops back till they were forced to evacuate the city, retiring in good order to the north.

It was expected that their victory over Feng would be the signal for Chang and Wu to fall out with each other again, but, for a time at any rate, they seem to have patched up their quarrel. Both of them have a representative on the Committee of Public Safety, which has taken over the control of Peking, and Chang has agreed to one of Wu's generals being put in charge of the garrison.

Fighting Goes On

The question is how long will the agreement between the two generals last, and what will they do with their newly-won authority?

Things would have looked more hopeful if they had decided to make peace with Feng's followers (Feng himself appears to have gone to Russia); but they seem determined instead to continue the fighting in the north. Meanwhile the soldiery are all-powerful, and may be expected to continue their customary looting and extortion which have for so long made a desolation of some of the richest provinces of China.

There was certainly this to be said for Feng, that his profession of Christianity did lead him to suppress among his followers the lawlessness practised by the armies of his rivals.

CAIRO LOSES A MUSEUM

Rockefeller Offer Withdrawn

Some weeks ago Mr. Rockefeller offered to give the Egyptian Government two million pounds for a museum and archaeological institute at Cairo; now the offer has been withdrawn.

Naturally the millionaire wished to be sure that the museum would be properly managed, and he quite reasonably laid it down as a condition that for a period of years it should be managed by a committee consisting of two Americans, two Englishmen, two Frenchmen, and two Egyptians.

The Egyptians objected to this, and now the offer has been withdrawn and Cairo has lost a magnificent museum.

HOMER AND AN ECLIPSE

An Astronomer Dates the Odyssey

SCIENCE HELPING LITERATURE

When Homer twanged his lyre the stories he told to its accompaniment were of Greek heroes long dead whose names and deeds had become legends.

So little is known about the great blind poet that some have wondered if he wrote his own works, or if they are merely a collection of legends; and learned men dispute as to the date when this Greek Shakespeare lived.

A German astronomer has joined in the controversy by attempting to date some of the events in the Odyssey on astronomical grounds. Homer tells that when Ulysses returned to Penelope in Ithaca the Sun was blotted out and darkness covered the land. Evidently an eclipse of the Sun took place. Herr Schoch computes by reference to astronomical tables of eclipses in Ithaca that a total eclipse of the Sun took place on April 16 3103 years ago, and that this was the fateful day for Penelope's unwanted suitors.

Taking this eclipse date as a standard, Herr Schoch dates the Trojan War as having been waged between 1197 and 1187 B.C.

There are two things to be said for the German astronomer's chronology, the first being that no other total eclipse could have taken place in Ithaca so as to fit Homer's story within 200 years; and that if 1177 B.C. is taken as the date of it this would accord with the accepted idea that Homer's poems were written about three centuries later.

THE CONDUCTOR'S LESSON

Teaching Rude People Good Manners

All music lovers, whether listeners or performers, are greatly annoyed by the habit of people who ought to know better of strolling into a concert after it has begun and strolling out again before it is over—not between the pieces but in the middle of them. The conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra has been teaching such people a lesson.

He began the performance with only two violinists, the remainder of the orchestra coming in and taking up their parts in ones and twos till all were assembled. And in the same way, toward the end, the players slowly melted away till the conductor was left vigorously beating time to no one at all! Then he turned and made his bow to the audience, amid cheers and hisses.

Let us hope that this particular audience, at any rate, learned its lesson!

DRINK BILL FALLING

Scotland's Harvest from Smuggling

Since the Armistice we have spent over three hundred millions in unemployment grants, but we are still rich enough to have spent last year over 315 millions on drink. Last year we averaged, men, women, and children, £7 4s. a head, but in 1924 we averaged a shilling more.

There is more encouragement in looking farther back, Mr. George B. Wilson points out in a letter to the C.N. on the National Drink Bill. In 1913 over ninety million gallons of alcohol were consumed; last year only fifty-four millions. But here is a terrible fact: the 120,000 inhabitants of Bermondsey spent last year no less than £1,335,000 on drink, over ten pounds a head!

Scotland took two million pounds for whisky smuggled into America last year, about a fiftieth part of the American consumption of spirits before Prohibition.

MR. VALIANT'S LAST LETTER TO HIS SCOUTS

Mr. Valiant. Story of Arthur G. Hopkins, M.C. By Leonard Towers. (Epworth Press, 2s. 6d.)

For a month a little book has laid on our desk unopened, lying there because we felt that when an hour came there was something in it that was well worth having.

The hour has come. Sitting by the fire we put down Shakespeare and took up Mr. Valiant. We should like every boy in England to do the same, to read the story of this happy warrior who passed through this world for thirty-three years and left his mark behind him. One generation of men like him and the Kingdom of Heaven is upon us.

Tests of Manhood

We shall not try to tell his story here. It has been said of Arthur Hopkins that in his youth he faced more crucial tests of manhood than most men encounter in a lifetime, and it is a noble tribute, well deserved. This is the life of an ordinary man doing ordinary things, and it is one of the most precious half-crown books in the world because it shows us what an ordinary man can do. His light shone brightly before men. His courage never failed. His spirit never flagged. He stood unflinching in the darkest hours and believed that all was well.

Who can forget the picture of Mr. Valiant hard at work all through a stormy night while his Scouts were sleeping, so that they were amazed on waking in the morning to find that the wind had blown down most other things except their tents. His Boy Scouts did not know, but Mr. Valiant knew that all that time there was growing up within him, within the same body as this brave heart, an enemy that was to strike him down; and in a week or two Mr. Valiant was lying on his bed writing this last letter to his Scouts, his dear lads, as he called them.

A Wonderful Friendship

It seems that in the wisdom of God it is not intended that I should come back to you alive. How can I thank you all sufficiently for the constant refreshment and pleasure you have afforded me! You have been very loyal, and since you came to understand me your companionship has been wonderful. Of course, our friendship has not been without its price, and sometimes we have all wondered what the other fellow was up to, but real friendship isn't easily achieved. Ours wasn't, but when it did come it was fine. Who of us will ever forget Wray, and camp prayers, and the last morning, and the last camp-fire?

And now my poor old body is dished, and we are waiting for the moment when the great Pathfinder sounds the call for another Scout. To die, says Peter Pan, will be an awfully great adventure. So it will—just like hiking into new country.

I've come to it soon, and it's all very mysterious, but I'm not bothered about that. The good Father has it all wrapped up in His purposes for me and my beloved ones, and what He does is right. Do you remember that once, when things were a bit shaky in the Troop, I told you about Sir Ernest Shackleton and the Endurance? "The thing that sustained me" (he said) "was the loyalty of the men." And then I appealed to you for your absolute loyalty and trust. You gave it, and it's been glorious since.

Well, it's something like that with me now. God is taking me by a way I know not, and never thought to walk. Before the mystery of it I am as helpless as you are; but He knows best, and simply asks for loyalty. I've given that to Him long ago, and I'm quite at peace.

One or two things before I stop. At times like these things stand out very clearly, and I want to leave something with you.

Nobody knows what you will all become. You may have your own dreams, but this is dead sure; when you come to stand where I do the things you will prize will not be the things many put their heart and life into; money, for instance. There will be no joy in that, though a certain amount is necessary, and every man should do his best for those dependent on him. The things you will be glad about are these, if you can look back without fear. A life of service to others, no matter how trivial the service may be; a life lived cleanly, walked by simple faith and trust. Do not bother about queer theories; just trust God and help others, and then, when the end comes, you will be quite content.

Life's Real Treasures

Learn while you have your health to thank God for His free and simple gifts. For health, sunshine, rain, the birds, the running streams, little children, human love, and all the countless things that will occur to you. These are life's real treasures, in them any man, however poor, is passing rich.

Now, my dear lads, I must stop. This is a long letter for me just now, and I must lie down again. You won't forget, will you? If in you the ideals I have held and tried to live find a lodging, then truly I shall not die. Be assured that to the man who has lived as I have tried to—and often failed—death has no terrors; dear me, no. It is like going to sleep in camp on a stormy night—no stars, rain, and a gusty wind; then morning, and the storm gone. Over the trees comes up the Sun; the birds are calling; the little creatures of the woodland are out in the grass, and all God's peace floods like a tide in at the open doorway. Yes, it's like that. Just now it's a bit rough, is the weather, for your old Scouter and pal, but before long he will quietly sleep, and when the morning comes I'm sure it will be full of sunshine. Won't that be just lovely?

God bless you all.

The Chief Scout's Message

From his seat in the clouds he had seen the British Army conquering Jerusalem; from his seat in those abodes where saints and heroes are he sees the glory for which our human eyes are yet too dim.

The Chief Scout, in a message he sent to Arthur Hopkins as he lay dying, said that no man can pass through his short walk in this world without leaving his footmarks behind him, and if he knows that these tracks give the right line to the lads who come after he can go to his rest with great content. It is true, and finely said, and we pray for nothing better than that our boys may walk in the tracks that Arthur Hopkins made.

THE LUCKY JUMP

A Wonderful Ski Record

By an accident, which may be described as a happy one because it had a fortunate ending, a Swiss youth of Salzburg has made the world's record ski jump.

While Josef Prodinger was skiing with companions on Mount Watzmann he shot over the edge of a cliff. But, holding himself as if he were indeed attempting a ski jump, he preserved his balance and landed on his skis 230 feet below in the snow, unhurt.

It was a higher leap than from the top of the Monument, and only less by five feet than from the highest stone of Canterbury Cathedral.

A GREAT IDEA

Man who First Thought of a Public Railway

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S FRIEND

Last year we were celebrating the centenary of the opening of the first public railway, that between Stockton and Darlington. George Stephenson, we know, constructed the line and built the engine which ran upon it. But whose idea was it to have a public railway?

A memorial tablet has just been unveiled in the little country town of Yarm on the Tees, between Stockton and Darlington, "to the memory of five pioneers of the first public railway in the world, Thomas Meynell, Benjamin Flounders, Jeremiah Cairns, Richard Miles, Thomas Miles, of Yarm; erected by the inhabitants of Yarm, 1926."

A Historic Meeting

There is a letter still in existence from Thomas Meynell to Richard Miles, dated August 15, 1818, advocating a railway instead of the Stockton and Darlington Canal that everyone was talking of making. A meeting in support of the idea was held three weeks later; and then finally, on February 12, 1820, Meynell presided at a meeting in Yarm at which a resolution was passed to apply to Parliament for an Act to authorise the making of a railway.

The intention at first was to use horse traction, and it was Stephenson who persuaded Meynell and his friends to use a locomotive instead. Most great new enterprises have their Stephenson and their Meynell, the man with the idea and the man who, seeing it is good, gives him the opportunity to carry it out. All honour to George Stephenson, but all honour to Thomas Meynell too.

C.N. TEACHES A BISHOP

The Big Bird of the Niger

From a C.M.S. Correspondent

It happened last December. Bishop Lasbrey, of the Church Missionary Society, was going round his diocese among the rivers and swamps of the great Niger River.

In some districts the villages are under water half the year, and on this night the Bishop had to cross a wide piece of water. He shouted for a canoe and waited. He thought of the hundreds of Africans in this district of Isoko asking that they might be taught Christianity. He thought of the 95 churches with only one C.M.S. native clergyman. He wondered why more missionaries did not go out.

The canoe came alongside, the Bishop got in, and the rest of the story, with the account of the trip across, is in the Bishop's own words:

"It is quite creepy going over such places in the night. The trees are very thick all round and everything is still and silent and dark, except for the roaring of the frogs and the whistling of the crickets, which go on incessantly. Suddenly, as we were going along, we heard an awful noise, something between a roar and a donkey's bray. It gave me a bit of a start, but after a little while we made out two very big birds with enormous beaks, and a sort of round hump on their heads. On getting home, I happened to look at a copy of the C.N., which had come out by the last mail, and there was a picture of new additions to the Zoo, one of them the ground hornbill of Nigeria. It was the same as my two friends on the water between Uzere and Emede!"

NO PRISONERS AT BEDFORD

Eleven times in five years the Chairman of Bedford Quarter Sessions has been presented with a pair of white gloves because there were no prisoners for trial.

THE UNKNOWN ELEMENTS

Chemists Trying to Complete the Table ONLY FOUR MISSING

The news that yet another of the unknown elements has been discovered by Professor Hopkins at the University of Illinois leads us to wonder what will happen when the remaining four have been found.

Many years ago, in 1864, the English chemist Newlands discovered what he called the law of octaves—that if all the elements then known were arranged in the order of the weight of their atoms, every eighth one would have similar properties. Five years later the Russian chemist Mendeleëff arranged the elements in a proper sequence, but found that to do so he must imagine certain elements to exist which were not known. It has turned out that these imaginary elements do actually exist; at any rate, all of them except four have been discovered, the last few by aid of the X-rays.

With so many chemists looking for the others, and with the extraordinary advantages we have now for this kind of research, it can only be a matter of time for them to be discovered. The important question will then arise, can any further elements be discovered, and, if so, what shall we do with them?

A Romance of Science

Nature arranges everything on remarkably simple lines, and the atoms all bear very simple relations to each other in regard to their weight. Thus, while the oxygen atom weighs, let us say, 16, the carbon atom weighs 12 in comparison, sulphur 32, and so on. When the whole 92 elements supposed to exist have been found they will fill the table of what are called atomic weights and there would appear to be no more elements to be found.

If when the whole 92 have been discovered some chemist discovers yet another a very romantic position will be created in the world of science. Yet nobody can say whether the number of elements predicted by Mendeleëff, and foreshadowed by the new system of atomic numbers, does or does not embrace all the elementary substances in Nature's collection. We can only wait and see what happens as the result of the ceaseless search for undiscovered things that goes on in laboratories all over the world.

DANGER AT SEA

Two Points of View About the S O S

The International Shipping Conference has been discussing the question of the abuse of the SOS signal at sea. That is clearly a matter on which there must be two points of view.

There is the point of view of those who need saving and the point of view of those who are invited to save them. It must seem much more important to the people in danger that they should be rescued than to the people who must go out of their way to effect the rescue.

The conference "noted with alarm the increasing practice of sending out the distress signal in circumstances which do not warrant its use," and called upon all Governments to "cooperate in immediately checking this dangerous abuse."

Of course the signal must not be abused; but in advising Governments what degree of danger justifies a call for help shipowners and ships' captains will do well to consider not only cases where their ships are called out of their way to a rescue, but cases where their own ships may be needing rescue.

How near to a watery grave must they come before they are justified in bothering other people with their troubles?

THE RUINING OF THE KINEMA

League Looking Into It GOVERNMENTS ASKED TO TAKE ACTION

It is generally agreed that kinema films that are bad for grown-up people are particularly bad for children, and a committee of the League of Nations has been sitting at Geneva to consider what should be done about it.

A proposal that children should be forbidden in ordinary kinema shows was rejected, and it was decided that the right thing was to try to make the shows good for everybody.

So the League Assembly is to be advised to ask the Governments to appoint people to examine the films before they are shown, to inspect the kinemas and see that injurious films are stopped, and to encourage good films and arrange for their exchange among the nations.

The committee thinks there should be an international agreement forbidding the circulation of demoralising films.

THE MESSAGE AT MIDNIGHT

Once a Scout Always a Scout

Six years ago a youth who had been a Boy Scout went to sea. He became the first mate of a little schooner, the Cecil Junior, and often used to look back on his Scout days, which seemed then so very far away.

The other day the Cecil Junior was on her way from Spain to Newfoundland. She was an old-fashioned three-masted schooner, built of wood, with nothing in the way of wireless to protect her in case of trouble. The trouble came when she was in mid-Atlantic. Heavy weather had crippled her, and it was quite clear that if the storm did not quickly cease, or help come, the old schooner was doomed to disaster.

She threw up flares in the midnight gale, and the glow was seen by an oil tanker called War Diwan, belonging to the British Admiralty. The tanker drew near, but had no means of learning the trouble of the Cecil Junior. It was useless, in the thunder of the storm, to use the megaphone. Then it was that the first mate remembered his Boy Scout days. He whipped out his pocket flash-lamp and began signalling, making the War Diwan understand what was necessary.

The tanker sent off her lifeboat to the rescue. Before she could reach the Cecil Junior there was a terrible explosion and the schooner went up in flames. The lifeboat held on and saved all the little crew of six, who had managed to cling to debris.

From the tanker they watched the schooner sink, and no one knew better than they what it had meant for them to have an old Boy Scout on board.

TWO FRIENDS

A Boy and His Horse

A country reader of the C.N. sends us this note of a little scene she saw the other day.

A few days ago I was walking down a village street in Hertfordshire when drawn up outside a shop I saw a horse and van belonging to a fruiterer.

The horse, a large piebald, and not too beautiful a creature, stood with its front hoofs on the pavement, gazing at the shop as if waiting for something.

Suddenly out of the door came the boy who evidently drove the van, in his hand a large cake, which he proceeded to put between his own teeth as he came up to the horse. Immediately the animal took it from the boy's mouth and ate it. Then the boy rubbed his own face up and down the face of the horse, and kissed his soft nose over and over again.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Stuarts Come Back

On May 29, 1660, the monarchy was restored after the death of Cromwell.

The Restoration brought Charles to Whitehall, and in an instant the whole face of England was changed. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away, with its pettiness and its tyranny in the current of the nation's hate. Religion had been turned into a system of political and social oppression, and it fell with their fall.

From the vexed problems, political and religious, with which it had so long wrestled in vain England turned at last to the physical world around it, to the observation of its phenomena, to the discovery of the laws which govern them. In religion, in politics, in the study of man and of Nature, not faith but reason, not tradition but inquiry, were to be the watchwords of the coming time. The deadweight of the past was suddenly rolled away, and the new England heard at last and understood the call of Francis Bacon.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

It is my own fault that I had not come back sooner, for I find nobody who does not tell me that he has always longed for my return. CHARLES THE SECOND

This day his Majesty Charles II came to London after a sad and long exile, the ways strewn with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine, the windows and balconies well set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city. JOHN EVELYN'S DIARY

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Who was Tubal-cain?

According to Genesis, chapter 4, verses 19 to 22, Tubal-cain was the son of Lamech and Zillah, and was the pioneer of workers in brass and iron.

Was St. Augustine of Hippo a Coloured Man?

No; so far as we know. His father, Patricius, and his mother, Monica, were Latin-speaking citizens of the Roman Empire.

Where Did the Bagpipes Originate?

No one can say. The instrument is very ancient and appears on the sculptures and coins of Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. A terra-cotta of 200 B.C. found at Tarsus, in Asia Minor, shows a player with bagpipes.

When was Elias Ashmole Born and When did he Die?

This antiquary, who founded the famous Ashmolean Museum at Oxford named after him, was born at Lichfield on May 23, 1617, and died at Oxford on May 18, 1692.

Is the D.D. an Honorary Degree or Can it be Obtained by Examination?

The degree of Doctor of Divinity is often conferred upon distinguished theologians and ecclesiastics as an honorary degree, but at many universities, like that of London, it is open to examination like other degrees.

What is the Origin of the Pace Egg?

The pace egg is the name in the North of England and Scotland for eggs, boiled hard and coloured outside, given to children at Easter as Easter eggs. Pace is really the word pasche, or paschal, and the practice was probably adopted from ancient peoples, like the Egyptians, who looked upon the egg as a symbol of new life. Early Christians regarded it as typifying resurrection.

Can a Man Firing from the Guard's Van Hit the Engine-Driver?

If the train is travelling at 50 miles an hour and the man on the footboard of the guard's van fires at the driver, the bullet's speed out of the muzzle being 50 miles an hour, then the actual speed of the bullet is 100 miles an hour because the pistol from which it is fired is already travelling at 50 miles an hour. If the pistol is aimed properly the driver will be hit.

SATURN'S GIANT MOON

HOW TO SEE TITAN

Is There Life on the Ringed Planet's Companion?

BIGGEST SATELLITE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM

By the C.N. Astronomer

Now that Saturn is in his best position for observation, as described in the C.N. last week, those with small telescopes or powerful field-glasses may, in very favourable circumstances, get a glimpse of Saturn's great moon Titan.

This satellite is some 3500 miles in diameter, much more than half as large again as our Moon, and 3450 times as far off, being 828 million miles away.

To see it, therefore, will be something of an achievement, but through instruments with lenses at least two inches in diameter this is quite possible on a dark, clear, and moonless night. After midnight at the beginning of next week will be the best time to look, the Moon then being out of the way.

On May 29, 30, and 31 Titan will appear farthest to the east, or left, of Saturn; so these are the nights on which we should look for him.

The Radiance of Saturn

He will then be about 2½ minutes of arc distant from Saturn. This space amounts virtually to approximately one-twelfth of the apparent diameter of our Moon.

The chief difficulty is the radiance of Saturn, which will tend to obscure so faint an object as Titan, shining, as it does, like a star slightly below the eighth magnitude. A good plan is to point the telescope so that the brilliant Saturn is outside the right-hand side of the field of view, just beyond the edge of the rim, where Titan should be just perceptible.

What is known as oblique vision—that is, not looking directly at the spot where Titan is expected to be—will also help; and we should remember to rest our telescope against some support to steady it.

An astronomical telescope with a two-inch lens will show Titan clearly, together with Saturn's globe and rings; but they will then appear inverted, and Titan will be found on the right side of Saturn.

Eight days later it will be on the left side; while from about June 1 to June 3 it will be back again, close to where it was on May 17.

Titan appears to be the largest satellite in the solar system, a globe nearly half the diameter of our world; and one wonders what conditions must be like on its surface, for Titan receives only one-ninetieth part of the heat and light from the Sun that our world does.

Titan's Long Day

But, provided that Titan has an atmospheric envelope with water vapour and water capable of retaining and storing up the heat poured upon it, this might be sufficient to support much of the life that we are familiar with in the Earth's sea depths—particularly when we consider the probability of Titan's day being eight times as long as ours. For there is evidence for believing that Titan turns but once in each revolution round Saturn, which takes 15 days 22 hours 41 minutes; consequently Titan would always keep the same face to Saturn as our Moon does to the Earth.

Now, if the immense sunlit globe of Saturn radiates any appreciable amount of heat this side of Titan would benefit from it, in addition to the heat from our Sun, which appears so small in Titan's sky. Moreover, there is the possible existence of its own internal heat and also that derived from radio-active substances, such as radium, any of which are capable of transforming Titan for millions of years into a world of joyous life. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Jupiter in the south-east; in the evening Saturn south-east.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 15

The Battle of St. Quentin

Thus, as Robson said afterwards, "put the lid on." What lid it put on what he never explained, so we can only take his word for it that it did.

And thus blandly entreated to offer his nose for pulling, Chowler first went black in the face and next went for John Andrew, who, uttering a defiant, jubilant cry and disclosing features from which all gloom had been wiped, jumped up and aside as nimbly as any of those goats which spring from shelf to shelf on their terraces in the Zoo.

Chowler was unquestionably more than surprised by this sudden change in Mr. Meggs's "nice, quiet little chap." Blenkinsop was astonished too. So was Wattle. Jibbett, a pudgy person of inquiring mood, reflected that if Smith's home-sickness hadn't worn off when it did wear off he would be well worth knowing. Robson was too terrified to think anything.

For none had ever defied the tyrant before.

"Catch him!" roared that dignitary, stroking his lip and retiring to his place in front of the fire.

They advanced upon the "nice, quiet little chap," who confronted them with the battlelight in his eyes. From the top of the table, which he had mounted, he whipped off his coat and flapped it round Wattle's head. With his tie, which he swiftly stripped, he flicked Blenkinsop's chin. A thrust of his foot tumbled Robson on to the floor. Jibbett, who had not the remotest intention of risking his well-nourished frame in such lightning exchanges, kept cleverly out of reach.

"Catch him!" roared Chowler again. He remained at the fireplace.

John Andrew had never had much opinion of maps or any use at all for them till this moment. But now the Continent of Asia came in quite handy. Detaching it from its nail on the wall behind him he turned the weight of the Chinese Empire against his aggressors, and Mongolia descended with a crack upon Blenkinsop. His head went through it, which gave him a pleasing frill, bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean and on the East by Japan and the rolling Pacific. This was the first time he had come to real grips with geography.

So Blenkinsop retired from active service; the better, no doubt, to study the rolling Pacific. At any rate he unrolled it; and then, like a poodle dog, began to shake from his face and hair the dust of Mongolia. For the atlas had been hanging there since the Flood and no one had ever thought of dusting its back. Or so Blenkinsop was heard to expostulate afterwards.

His retirement reduced Chowler's forces by one-fourth (if you insist on counting the discreet Jibbett as a combatant). This high casualty rate, twenty-five per cent in six minutes, communicated no encouragement to the survivors, whose General followed the established practice of Generals in taking part from a distance, to wit, from the fireplace. It is infra dig. for Generals to mix in the mêlée, and Chowler's dignity was a precious thing. Curt and crisp his orders rang from Headquarters, in two words still, "Catch him!"

It is to be supposed that orders so short and simple could not possibly be misunderstood. To catch means to take, seize, capture, or make captive; it does not mean to batter, to bash, or to strangle. But Wattle seems to have gathered that it meant all these three. Too angry for words when the coat had enveloped his head, feeling like a horse with blinkers on all the way round, he sprang at John Andrew's ankle and tried to worry it; then, climbing the table, threw his arms round his neck.

Disastrously for himself, as at once it turned out, for the table, which had not been built for a wrestling ring, buckled as to the legs and gave way beneath them. Backward slid the pair of them to the floor, and Wattle, being undermost, got the hardest bump. He crawled from the wreckage and joined Blenkinsop on the retired list.

Only half of the Chowler army was left now, if you still insist on including Jibbett. He, however, can scarcely have included himself, or why did he scuttle as fast as he could from the room? That left only Robson to uphold St. Quentin's honour against the invader, and Chowler, who instead of "Catch him!" now ordered: "Bring him along, Rob!"

Charged with this duty of bringing the terror along, Robson did his best; but his best wasn't good enough. It happened that in one of John Andrew's pockets were stuffed the two dirty rags which he had used for his brass. Extracting one, he got Robson by the head and proceeded, with might and main to polish his face. "Pax!" entreated the strangled cry of the polished. The polisher echoed "Pax!" and let Robson go.

This whittled the battle down to as strange a position as any, surely, that history has recorded. Of the one army nobody but its commander survived; of the other no one had suffered so much as a scratch! Either, then, the engagement must be abandoned, or the General himself must shoulder a gun and march forth.

Chowler hadn't a gun, and he couldn't march, having enjoyed no training with the Boy Scouts. But recalling that he had heard that one of their principles was to do a good turn to somebody every day he felt that he had better do a good turn to John Andrew; and therefore pronounced soothingly: "Had enough, Smith?"

John Andrew was panting and staring hard at his nose.

"There, there!" said Chowler, very kindly indeed. "There, there! I forgive you, Smith. I'll forget and forgive. You can trot off and wash. We'll make a man of you yet, Smith."

He might have been nearer the mark had he said "Make a scarecrow," for minus collar and coat, with his trousers torn, with one of his shirt-sleeves gone and all over grime, John Andrew would have done very well as a scarecrow. With this proviso, that scarecrows stay where they are. And this one didn't: it went with a rush for Chowler.

But not blindly. Oh, no! John Andrew knew what he wanted. His head had dropped like a ram's, and with that hard object he rammed his enemy fair and full in the middle.

Chowler gasped and crumpled. The scarecrow rammed him again. And then announced: "Now I'll have to pull your nose, Chowler."

And he did. He tweaked it for all he was worth. Chowler hadn't any breath left to resist.

CHAPTER 16

A Smashed Reputation

Thus ended the Battle of St. Quentin, and while it was waging a matter of moment was taking place at St. Quentin's. Fruppy had reported to Mr. Dean and invented some excuse for requesting the interview. Mr. Dean listened; gave him rather a straight look, and then said, "Oh, very well!" and next, "Wait! I want you."

Fruppy's heart gave a jump. What was coming? he wondered.

Mr. Dean produced some papers and spread them before him. "Get a chair," he bade, "and bring it up to the table. There's pen and ink there. Now, see what you make of these, Smith. Stay! Do the questions I've marked. I'll

leave you to it." With which he rose and left his study to Fruppy.

Alone, Fruppy let his glance wander round the room. He liked the look of the books—such a number there were—and of the Cambridge groups which covered the walls. He opened his eyes at the single photographs too, all of them of boys and every one signed. His curiosity was touched. It was obvious, he thought, that these were fellows who had passed through Mr. Dean's hands. But if St. Quentin's had only been going a year now how had his House-master gathered such a collection?

Then over the mantelpiece, in the place of honour, he detected an engraving of Eastborough School. So that explained it. Mr. Dean had been a master at Eastborough! The fact that he had left Eastborough for St. Quentin's impressed Fruppy more and more with his new surroundings.

Why couldn't he stick here? Why couldn't he clinch with his namesake? It would be too ghastly now to have to turn out.

Well, one thing at a time, as that rum chap John Andrew had said. The thing he'd got to do now was to tackle these exam-papers. Fruppy sighed, and ran his eyes down the questions.

On inspection they seemed on the easy side. But he wondered why Mr. Dean should set him straight down to them instead of waiting till the general try-out of new boys? And then it flashed on him. Hadn't John Andrew declared in the train how backward he was and that his guardian had given the school a fair warning? And wasn't he, Fruppy, standing in John Andrew's shoes? It was clear as a pikestaff, then, that Mr. Dean was resolved to test for himself the backwardness of the dog with such a bad name.

Fruppy's eyes twinkled merrily. What a lark!

What a lark to give Mr. Dean a surprise, and to give the real J. A. Smith a jolly good start! For of course tomorrow John Andrew would roll up here, as they would be bound to decide that their wild idea was impossible. Even if it was fair. And was it quite fair? Would it be fair to his own people or to John Andrew's guardian? Oh, tomorrow John Andrew would probably say, "It's no go, Frup!" and he would answer, "Yes, it would look rather like a fraud."

So now then for this old exam-paper. Up, Guards, and at it! Now to give old John Andrew a jolly lift up!

He tackled the first question, and answered it perfectly. He felt in tremendous form; his brain acted like clockwork. These questions? Pooh! He could do them all on his head!



Free Paper Patterns for both these dainty little frocks for sunny days will be found in the "Best Way" Washing Frocks Book (No. 216) now on sale everywhere. Show this announcement to Mother

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Number three was a teaser. Fruppy gave it a wink.

"You!" he chuckled. "I had you last term at school!" So he bowed it out first ball. And his pen galloped on.

Pride goes before a fall. But it didn't in this case. When his substitute had finished John Andrew had shone.

If the gentleman who had tutored that modest creature had been assured that this was his pupil's performance he would probably have had a fit on the spot. When they'd brought him round, he'd have gasped: "What strides he has made! I would never have believed it. He's wonderful! Wonderful!"

Scarcely had Fruppy finished when Mr. Dean came back.

"Sir," he inquired demurely, "shall I go now?"

He was hoping that he would not be told to go, because he wanted to watch the effect.

"No, wait while we see what you've made of it," Mr. Dean answered, in the tone of one who doesn't expect to see much. "You have found these questions on the stiff side, Smith, I dare say. Have you succeeded in having a shot at them all?"

"Sort of, sir," said the substitute in a small voice.

"Well, now, let's see," Mr. Dean had taken up the papers. "I'm ready to make allowances. Don't forget that, Smith."

"Thank you, sir," breathed Fruppy, sighing engagingly.

As he scanned the first answer Mr. Dean raised his eyebrows. As he fastened on the second he grew more intent. When he passed to the third, that teaser, he sat up and stiffened.

"Yes," he breathed to himself. "Yes, yes!" Very queerly. "Yes!" He uttered aloud, in a tone queerer still. "Remarkable!" he exclaimed next. "Excellent! Ex-cell-ent!"

His expression increasing in keenness, he read to the end, while the examinee sat demurely, still as a mouse. He watched the examiner snatch up a blue pencil now and steadily proceed to mark answer by answer. From the corner of his sharp eye he could make out that nearly every answer received a big 10.

"Ten will be max.," he informed himself. "Good old John Andrew!"

Then the Housemaster raised his head and seemed to take stock of him, before remarking dryly: "Smith, you're a fraud."

"Jimini!" thought Fruppy. "He's caught us out!"

"Smith," Mr. Dean repeated, "you are a fraud." But his keen face was alive with genuine delight.

"You were sent to us with a great reputation as a dunce. Are you aware of that?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Fruppy. The word fraud had made him wince.

"I suppose that was your guardian's idea of a joke. Or perhaps our definition of dunces differs. Do you know that you have got ninety-four marks in this paper?"

Fruppy proffered meekly: "Out of a thousand, sir?"

"No, out of a hundred. Of course you knew max. was a hundred. Come! Don't let me have any more pretences of dullness." Mr. Dean's voice and manner were sharper. "It won't pay you here, Smith," he rapped, "to pretend that you're dull."

"Oh, my aunt!" thought Fruppy. "Poor old John Andrew!"

"And although you have done this paper so remarkably well don't get a swelled head, Smith, or think you're a marvel. But carry on as you've started and—well, we shall see." Mr. Dean sat silent a moment. "We shall see," he repeated, in the tone of one who pursues some new train of thought.

His gaze grew abstracted. He seemed to be looking beyond Fruppy. It was some minutes before he roused himself and dismissed him.

In the lobby John Andrew's substitute found Arnold waiting.

"There's a letter for you in the rack," said that dreamy-eyed youth.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Man who Changed the World

IN the year A.D. 306 a young Roman officer was hurrying across Europe toward Britain to rejoin his father in France, which then was called Gaul.

The father was the ruler of the western part of the Roman Empire—that is, Britain, France, and Spain. The young officer had been held as a hostage by the ruler of the Eastern part of the Roman Empire, and had distinguished himself in war there.

When he joined his father at Boulogne they crossed to Britain together, and marched northward to repel the Picts and Scots, who were invading Roman Britain. The expedition was successful, but at its close the father died, after naming his son as his successor. This pleased the Roman army, for the son was very popular.

In those days there was a Roman Emperor, or Augustus, in the East and another Augustus in the West; and each Emperor appointed two subordinate rulers, called Caesars, to govern a part of his dominions. The young ruler, who regarded himself as an Augustus, was only appointed as a Caesar. This did not satisfy either his ambition or the wishes of his soldiers, who were the best trained of all the Roman armies. So he crossed to France and marched toward Italy.

He was opposed by other ambitious generals, but crossed the Alps and advanced successfully towards Rome. Up to then, for about 250 years, the Christians in the Roman Empire had been persecuted cruelly from time to time, and many of them killed, chiefly because the Roman Emperors had demanded that they should be worshipped as gods; and the Christians, of course, could not acknowledge them as divine. However, the victorious general, marching toward Rome from Britain, had a dream in which he saw a flaming cross in the sky with the inscription "By this conquer." So impressed was he that he forbade all further persecution of those who were faithful to the Christian faith of the Cross.

Not only did he conquer in Italy and capture Rome, but he passed on eastward and became the sole Emperor, or Augustus, of the Empire East and West, and reorganised its government throughout. At last he was baptised as a Christian, and he paved the way to Christianity's becoming the State religion of the whole Roman Empire.

He had begun to reign in the British city of York, but he finished his reign, in A.D. 337, in a city he founded in Eastern Europe, a city which remains one of the world's great cities to this day and is called by his name. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





A Quiet Mind is Richer Than a Crown



DI MERRYMAN

AN angry man rushed into a house-agent's office.

"I have just been looking at the house I agreed to buy from you," he said, "and I find that all the walls are bulging outward. What are you going to do about it?"

"Bulging outward, are they?" asked the agent. "Then I'm afraid that, as you have more room, I must raise the price of the house."

Tucked Up

To the Oyster a Mackerel said, "I have heard you've a fine oyster-bed."

"Yes, and bedclothes likewise," So the Oyster replies; "Sheets of water are over my head!"

Do You Live at Farnley?

FARNLEY is spelled in Domesday Book Farnlie, and that is its meaning, the fern lea, or meadow. No doubt the site was once meadowland with a good deal of fern growing on and about it.

WHICH of the West India Islands does a fruit-preserver resemble? Jamaica (jam-maker).

What Flowers are These?

EACH of the following sentences represents a flower. Can you name all of them?

A bird and a word meaning to urge on.

An animal and an article of clothing.

A small stream and a fruit.

A sweet and a cluster.

A piece of furniture and the stalk of grain.

A piece of needlework and a fastening.

Answers next week

An Outing for the Door

A CART pulled up outside a chemist's shop and the countryman who had been driving it unloaded a heavy door and carried it into the shop.

"What is that for?" asked the surprised chemist.

"Well," said the countryman, "my wife is ill, and last night when the doctor called we couldn't find a piece of paper for him to write the prescription on, so he wrote it on the door of her room, and I've brought it along for you to make up the medicine, please."

Just to Make Sure

SOME girls can look upon a mouse And neither scream nor faint, They can, there's no denying; But very few men can pass a house Which bears the sign "Wet Paint" Without a test applying!

Hats of the World



Arabia

India

WHAT should a man do who has split his sides with laughter? Run till he gets a stitch in them.

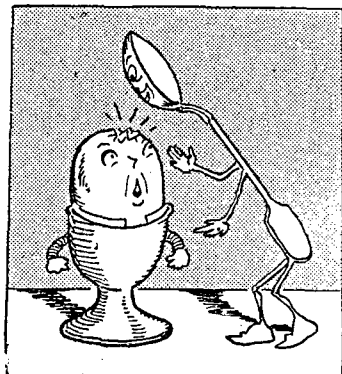
Quite Right

A LITTLE girl asked to define drawing said that it is thinking and then marking round the think with a pencil.

WHAT insect does the blacksmith manufacture?

He makes the fire-fly.

Come-Alive Characters



A Rough Friend

"CHEERIO, comrade! Are you well?"

The lively Egg-spoon said.

"Your greeting, sir," complained the Egg,

"Appears to me ill-bred.

Friends shake one's hand, but you prefer

To hit one on the head!"

Do You Know Me?

MY first is in clapper but not in bell,

My second's in highland but not in dell,

My third is in needle but not in pin,

My fourth is in noisy but not in din,

My fifth is in supper but not in tea,

My sixth is in elbow but not in knee,

My seventh's in oyster but not in shell,

My eighth is in purchase but not in sell,

My ninth is in Richard but not in Dick,

My tenth is in sudden but not in quick,

My whole is in use in a game that you know;

Think out the answer; you will find that it's so. Answer next week

The English Language

A FRENCHMAN was reading an English newspaper when he sighed and said to his English friend:

"I am afraid I shall never really understand your language."

"What is your difficulty now?" asked the Englishman.

"Well, just read this," said the Frenchman, pointing out this paragraph:

"If Mr. Smith, who at present sits for this constituency, consents to stand at the next election he will probably have a walk-over."

A Poet's Sad Fate

THERE was a young man of Japan Who wrote verses after this plan; But the populace rose As you may suppose, And they wiped out that wretched young man.

Word Puzzle

CAN you make a sentence from these jumbled letters:

ECNNATEES

Solution next week

WHERE did the first tree grow? In the ground.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? A hat.

A Picture Puzzle

Dart, loaves, key, clock. By taking a letter from each of these words we can spell rook, lark, and dove.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Julius Caesar

Jacko Has a Day at the Sea

JACKO was wildly excited when his father took them all to the sea for the day. It wasn't warm enough for bathing; but still, as Jacko said, there was always plenty to do at the seaside. And his eye roved around to see what mischief he could get up to.

But his father and mother had no intention of letting him go off by himself. They said he was to stay with them and help to look after the baby.

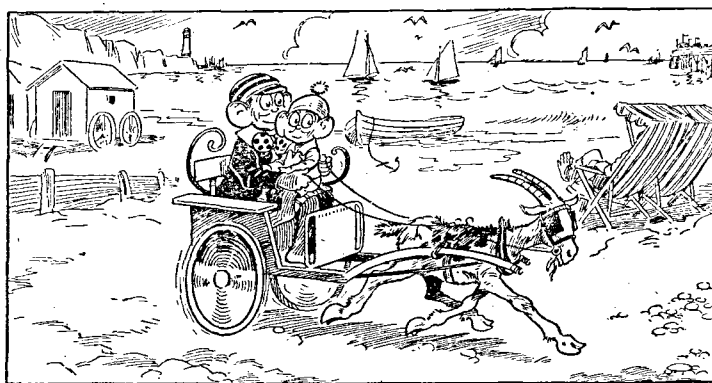
But after lunch things did look a bit brighter. Mr. and Mrs. Jacko wanted to sit in deck-chairs and listen to the band, and they said Jacko could take the baby for a stroll.

"Be back by four o'clock," said Mrs. Jacko anxiously, "or we shall miss our train."

Jacko heard what she said all right, but it went in at one ear and out of the other. He had determined to go on the pier, which was some way off.

The baby couldn't walk very fast, but he did his best; he was very fond of Jacko and would go anywhere with him.

They went right to the end of the pier, and watched a steamer go off. Then they listened to a concert and watched some



He put the baby on his knee and away they went

roller-skating. They seemed hardly to have been on the pier five minutes when Jacko caught sight of a clock. It said a quarter to four!

"Coo! I'll catch it!" cried Jacko, and he seized the baby and ran him along as fast as he could go.

But the baby was getting tired and began to whimper. He was much too heavy to carry, and Jacko was at his wits' end to know how to get him along. But he cheered up when he saw some little goat carriages waiting just outside the pier.

"Come on, Baby! we'll have a ride," he said. He jumped in, put the baby on his knee, and away they went.

The goat went along at a good pace, and soon they saw Mr. Jacko sitting up in his chair looking anxiously at his watch.

But the sound of the band seemed to upset the goat. It began to dance about, and suddenly it lowered its head and dashed on.

Fortunately Mrs. Jacko saw what was happening and snatched the baby out of the cart. Jacko managed to jump out, too, but the goat dragged the little carriage up on to the bandstand and put its horns right through the drum.

"Well, we'll catch the train all right," said Jacko, with a pleased grin.

"Catch the train indeed!" snorted Mr. Jacko. "I shouldn't wonder if you don't catch something else too, my boy!"

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Strange Job

What strange jobs some people are toiling at!

One of the queerest and most fascinating is that of the scientists who are slowly piecing together the skeleton of a huge dinosaur found in north-eastern Utah three years ago. There are missing parts which must be modelled and carefully fitted in with the real bone.

The photograph of the great room where the remains are being arranged, showing the absorbed faces of the people working it out, remind us of the faces of men busy with an unusually stiff cross-word puzzle.

Une Occupation Étrange

À quelles étranges occupations se livrent certaines gens!

Une des plus bizarres et des plus séduisantes est celle des savants qui sont en train d'assembler lentement le squelette d'un énorme dinosaure trouvé il y a trois ans dans le nord-est de l'Utah. Certaines pièces qui manquent doivent être modelées et ajustées à l'os même.

La photographie de la grande salle où les fragments sont assemblés, montrant les visages attentifs des gens chargés de cette tâche, nous rappelle la physionomie de gens occupés à résoudre un puzzle de mots croisés particulièrement difficile.

Tales Before Bedtime

Prince

MY name is Prince. I am a young Alsatian wolf-hound, just six months old, full of life and fun, and very good to look at. I know that quite well, for I hear people say, "What a splendid dog! Such a fine head, and magnificent coat and tail!"

I have just had my portrait painted, and this is how it happened.

The Art Mistress of a big school is a great friend of my master's. "Oh," said she one day, "if you would only lend Prince to me I believe some of my pupils would make a good portrait of him. I always allow them to sell their best work at the school bazaar, in aid of a cot at the Children's Hospital."

My master was delighted, and promised to take me to the school twice a week.

So twice a week I endured an extra brushing and combing, my collar had an extra polish, and I sat for my portrait.

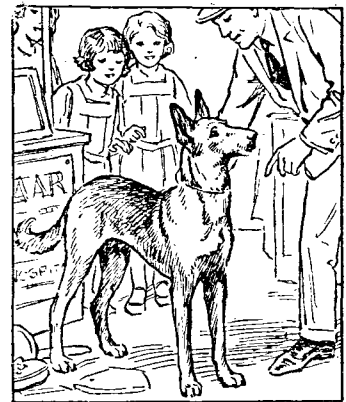
"Handsome! Intelligent!" said everybody, and I was quite pleased with myself.

When the time came my master thought he ought to go to the bazaar and take me with him. So we went together. You can have no idea of the excitement there was when I came into the hall, which I did with a bound and a frolic. I am afraid I knocked some of the stalls over, but nobody seemed to mind. They only laughed. My master caught me and led me over to see my portraits.

The Art Mistress came up.

"Prince is bringing in lots of money, dear, handsome fellow," she said, patting me affectionately.

"This is the portrait I wish to buy," said my master.



We went together

"The one I painted?" said the Art Mistress.

"Yes, that's the one we want, isn't it, Prince?" said my master to me.

I am not a judge of portraits, but the pretty young lady blushed so and my master looked so pleased that I thought it best to jump up against them both, and affectionately embrace them, to show that I, too, was pleased.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

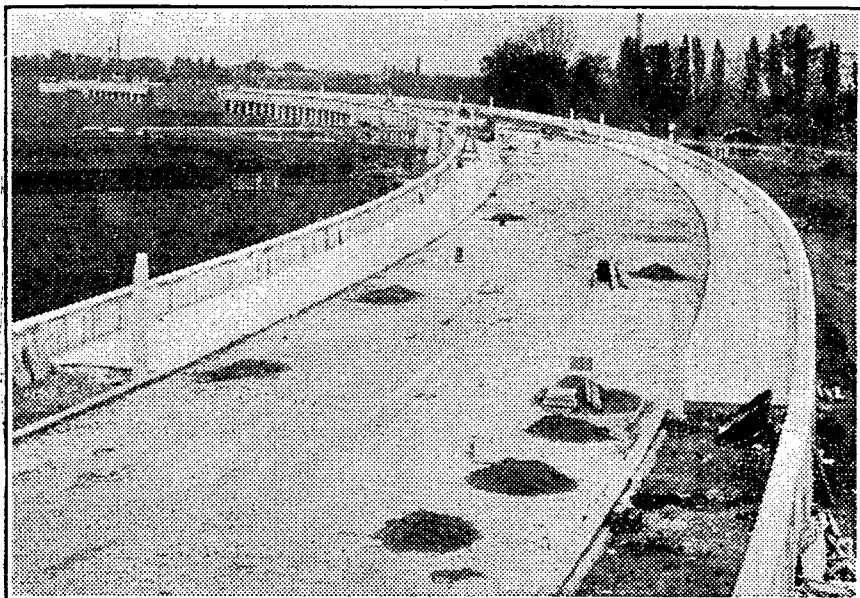
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 15 and 22, 1926

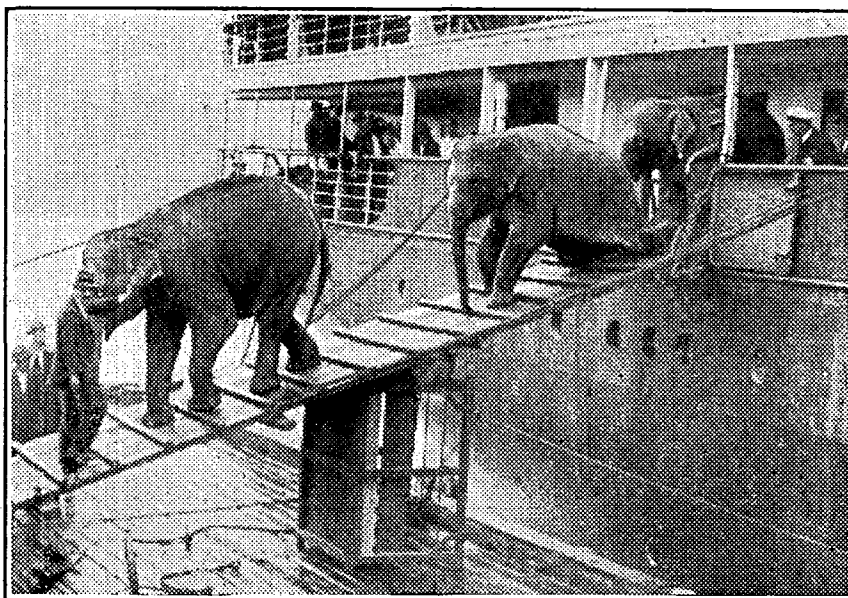
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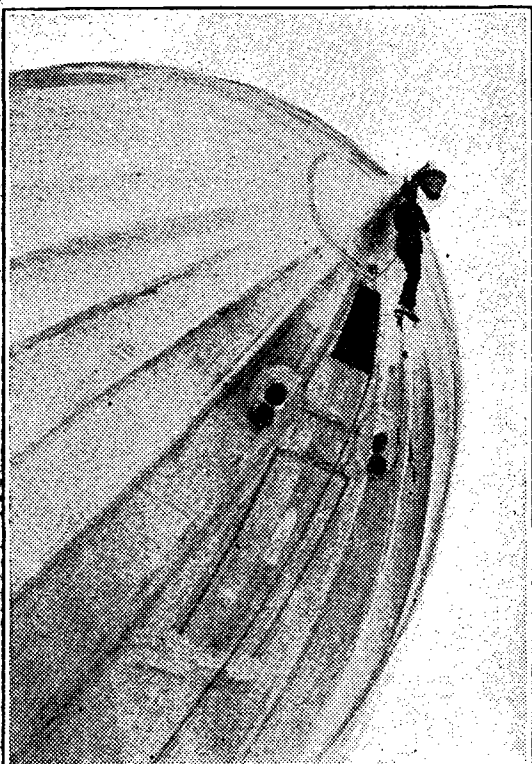
THE ROAD ROUND LONDON · AN AIRSHIP'S ANCHOR · POLICEMEN AT SCHOOL



The Circular Road Round London—By the year 1940 there will be a great circular road round London, and the northern half of it will be completed in about three years. In this picture we see a section of the long concrete viaduct that carries the road through part of Essex



Landing the Heavy Passengers—This strange sight was witnessed at Sydney not long ago when three elephants that had been sent from New Zealand to New South Wales in a liner landed on the quay by walking down a gangway similar to that used by other passengers



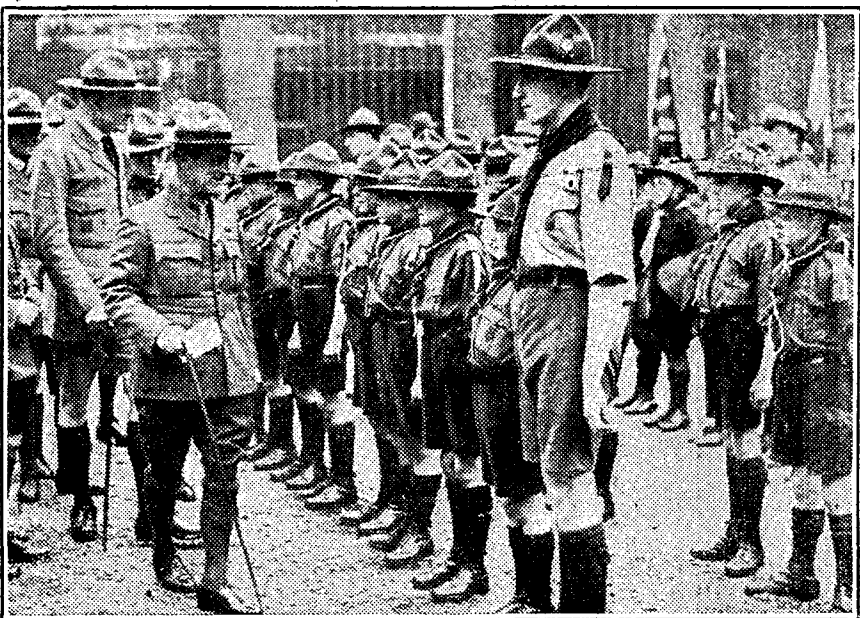
An Airship's Anchor—The American airship Los Angeles broke away from her mooring-mast in a recent gale, and here we see an officer attaching a new cable to her nose



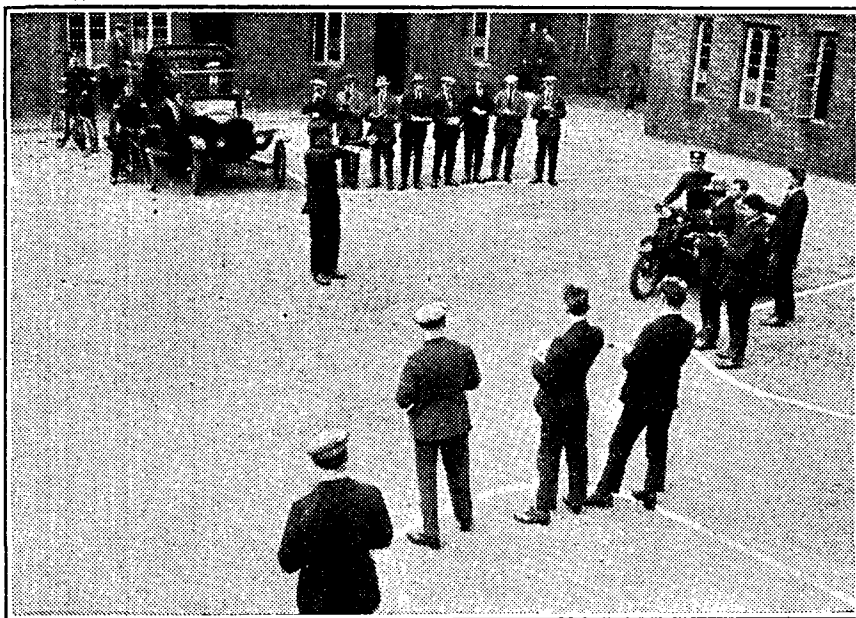
Young Japan Goes for a Ride—Horses are scarce in Japan, so in country districts most of the transport is done with hand-carts like this one, on the top of which a baby is riding in a basket



Australian Visitors to London—Here are two Australians now staying in London. They are kangaroos, and are here seen having a friendly wrestling match at the Zoo



Famous Sailor Inspects the Scouts—Lord Jellicoe, who commanded the British Fleet at the Battle of Jutland, is here seen inspecting the Westminster Boy Scouts in Little Dean's Yard



Learning to be Policemen—Students at the Police School, Stafford, learn how to control traffic by watching demonstrations in a yard where roads are indicated by white lines

A MARVELLOUS EVENT IN THE ANIMAL WORLD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

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